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CAUDLE'S LECTURES

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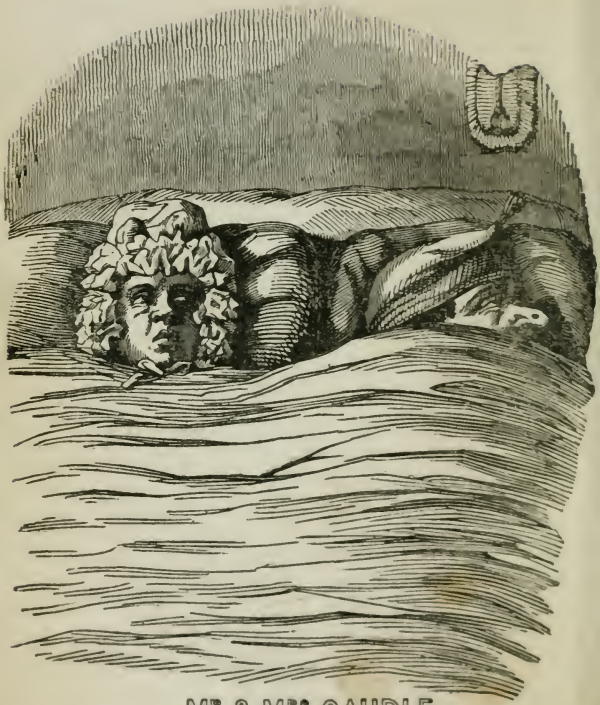

Mr & Mrs. CAUDLE.

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MRS. CAUDLE'S

CURTAIN LECTURES.

BY "PUNCH."

HARTFORD:
S. ANDRUS & SON.
1846

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NUMBER ONE.

Mr. Caudle having lent five pounds to a Friend.

YOU ought to be very rich, Mr. Caudle. I wonder who'd lend you five pounds! But so it is; a wife may work and may slave. Oh, dear! the many things that might have been done with five pounds! As if people picked up money in the streets! But you always were a fool, Mr. Caudle! I've wanted a black satin gown these three years, and that five pounds would have pretty well bought it. But it's no matter how I go—not at all. Every body says I don't dress as becomes your wife—and I don't; but what's that to you, Mr. Caudle? Nothing. Oh no! you can have fine feelings for every body but those that belong to you. I wish people knew you, as I do—that's all. You like to be called liberal—and your poor family pays for it.

All the girls want bonnets, and when they're to get 'em I can't tell. Half five pounds would

have bought 'em—but now they must go without. Of course, *they* belong to you; and anybody but your own flesh and blood, Mr. Caudle.

The man called for the water-rate to-day; but I should like to know how people are to pay taxes who throw away five pounds to every fellow that asks them.

Perhaps you don't know that Jack, this morning, knocked the shuttle cock through his bedroom window. I was going to send for the glazier to mend it; but after you lent that five pounds I was sure we couldn't afford it. Oh, no, the window must go as it is; and pretty weather for a dear child to sleep with a broken window. He's got a cold already on his lungs, and I shouldn't at all wonder if that broken window settled him—if the dear boy dies, his death will be upon his father's head; for I'm sure we can't now pay to mend windows. We might though, and do a good many more things, if people didn't throw away their five pounds.

Next Tuesday, the fire insurance is due. I should like to know how it's to be paid! Why, it can't be paid at all. That five pounds would have just done it—and now, insurance is out of the question. And there never were so many

fires as there are now. I shall never close my eyes all night—but what's that to you, so people can call you liberal, Mr. Caudle? Your wife and children may all be burnt alive in their beds—as all of us to a certainty shall be, for the insurance must drop. After we've insured for so many years! But how, I should like to know, are people to insure who make ducks and drakes of their five pounds?

I did think we might go to Margate this summer. There's poor Caroline, I'm sure she wants the sea. But no, dear creature, she must stop at home; she'll go into a consumption, there's no doubt of that; yes, sweet little angel. I've made up my mind to lose her now. The child might have been saved; but people can't save their children and throw away five pounds, too.

I wonder where little Cherub is! While you were lending that five pounds, the dog ran out of the shop. You know I never let it go into the street, for fear it should be bit by some mad dog, and come home and bite the children. It would'nt at all astonish me if the animal was to come back with the hydrophobia, and give it to all the family. However, what's your family to you, so you can play the liberal creature with five pounds?

Do you hear that shutter, how it's banging to and fro? Yes—I know what it wants as well as you: it wants a new fastening. I was going to send for the blacksmith to-day. But now it's out of the question: now it must bang of nights, since you have thrown away five pounds.

Well, things have come to a pretty pass!—This is the first night I ever made my supper of roast beef without pickles. But who is to afford pickles when folks are always lending five pounds?

Do you hear the mice running about the room? I hear them. If they were only to drag you out of bed, it would be no matter. Set a trap for 'em. But how are people to afford the cheese, when every day they lose five pounds?

Hark! I'm sure there's a noise down stairs. It would'nt surprise me if there were thieves in the house. Well, it may be the cat; but thieves are pretty sure to come some night. There's a wretched fastening to the back door: but these are not times to afford bolts and bars, when fools won't take care of their five pounds.

Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist's to-morrow. She wants three teeth pulled out. Now, it can't be done. Three teeth that quite

disfigure the child's mouth. But there they must stop, and spoil the sweetest face that was ever made. Otherwise she'd have been the wife for a lord. Now, when she grows up, who'll have her? Nobody. We shall die and leave her alone and unprotected in the world. But what do you care for that? Nothing; so you can squander away five pounds.

And now, Mr. Caudle, see what a misery you've brought on your wretched family! I can't have a satin gown—the girls can't have new bonnets—the water-rate must stand over—Jack must get his death through a broken window—our fire insurance can't be paid, so we shall all be victims to the devouring element—we can't go to Margate, and Caroline will go to an early grave—the dog will come home and bite us all mad—that shutter will go banging forever—the soot will always fall—the mice never let us have a wink of sleep—the thieves be always breaking in the house—and our dear Mary Anne be forever left an unprotected maid—and all, all, Mr. Caudle, because *you will go on lending five pounds!*

NUMBER TWO.

Mr. Caudle has been to the Tavern with a Friend.

POOR me! Ha! I'm sure I don't know who'd be a poor woman! I don't know who'd tie themselves up to a man, if they knew only half they'd have to bear. A wife must stay at home, and be a drudge, whilst a man can go anywhere. It's enough for a wife to sit like Cinderella by the ashes, while her husband can go a drinking and singing at a tavern. You never sing! How do I know you never sing? It's very well for you to say so; but if I could hear you, I dare say you're amongst the worst of 'em.

And now, I suppose, it will be the tavern every night. If you think I'm going to set up for you, Mr. Caudle, you are much mistaken. No: I'm not going to get up out of my warm bed to let you in, either. No; nor Susan shan't sit up for you; nor you shan't have a latch key. I'm not going to sleep with the door upon the latch, to be murdered before the morning.

Faugh! Pah! Whewgh! That filthy tobacco smoke. It's enough to kill any decent woman. You know I hate tobacco, and yet you

will do it. You don't smoke yourself! What of that? If you go among people who *do* smoke, you're just as bad, or worse. You might as well smoke—indeed, better. Better smoke yourself, than come home with other people's smoke in your hair.

I never knew any good come to a man who went to a tavern. Nice companions he picks up there! Yes; people who make it a boast to treat their wives like slaves, and ruin their families. There's that wretch Prettyman.

See what he's come to. He does'nt now get home till two in the morning; and then in what a state! He begins quarreling with the door mat, that his poor wife may be afraid to speak to him. A mean wretch! But don't you think I'll be like Mrs. Prettyman. No: I would'nt put up with it from the best man that ever trod. You'll not make me afraid to speak to you, however you may swear at the door mat. No, Mr. Caudle, that you won't.

You don't intend to stay out till two in the morning! How do you know what you'll do when you get among such people? Men can't answer for themselves when they get boozing with one another. They never think of their

poor wives, who are grieving and wearing themselves out at home. A nice headache you'll have to-morrow morning—or rather *this* morning; for it must be past twelve. You won't have a headache! It's very well for you to say so, but I know you will; and then you may nurse yourself for me. Ha! that filthy tobacco again. No: I shall not go to sleep, like a good soul! How's people to go to sleep when they're suffocated?

Yes, Mr. Caudle, you'll be nice and ill in the morning! But don't you think I'm going to let you have your breakfast in bed, like Mrs. Prettyman. I'll not be such a fool. No: nor I won't have discredit brought upon the house for sending for soda water early, for all the neighborhood to say, 'Caudle was drunk last night!' No: I've some regard for the dear children, if you haven't. No: nor you shan't have broth for dinner. Not a neck of mutton crosses my threshold, I can tell you.

You won't want soda, and you won't want broth. All the better. You would'nt get 'em if you did, I can assure you.———Dear, dear, dear! That filthy tobacco! I'm sure it's enough to make me as bad as you are. Talking about

getting divorced—I'm sure tobacco ought to be good grounds. How little does a woman think, when she marries, that she gives herself to be poisoned! You men contrive to have it all your own side, you do. Now, if I was to go and leave you and the children, a pretty noise there'd be! You, however, can go and smoke, no end of pipes. You did'nt smoke! It's all the same, Mr. Caudle, if you go among smoking people. Folks are known by their company. You'd better smoke yourself, than bring me home the pipe of all the world.

Yes, I see how it will be. Now you've once gone to a tavern, you'll always be going. You'll be coming home tipsy every night; and putting out your shoulder; and bringing all sorts of disgrace and expense upon us. And then you'll be getting into a street fight—oh! I know your temper too well to doubt it, Mr. Caudle—and be knocking down some of the police. And then I know what will follow. Yes, you'll be sent, for a month or six weeks, to the treadmill. Pretty thing that, for a respectable tradesman, Mr. Caudle, to be put upon the treadmill with all sorts of thieves and vagabonds, and—there, again that horrible tobacco! and riff raff of every kind; I

should like to know how your children are to hold up their heads, after their father has been upon the treadmill? No: I won't go to sleep. And I'm not talking of what's impossible. I know it will all happen, every bit of it. If it was'nt for the dear children, you might be ruined, and I not so much as think about it, but—oh! dear, dear! at least, you might go where they smoke *good* tobacco—but I can't forget that I'm their mother. At least, they shall have *one* parent.

Taverns! never did a man go to a tavern who did not die a beggar. And how your pot companions will laugh at you when they see your name in the Gazette! For it must happen.—Your business is sure to fall off; for what respectable man will buy toys for his children of a drunkard? You're not a drunkard! No: but you will be—it's all the same.

You've began by staying out till midnight. By-and-by, 't will be all night. But don't you think, Mr. Caudle, you shall ever have a key. I know you. Yes; you'd do exactly like that Prettyman, and what did he do, last Wednesday? Why, he let himself in about four in the morning, and brought home with him his pot compan-

ion, Leanly. His dear wife woke at six, and saw Prettyman's dirty boots at her bedside.—And where was the wretch, her husband? Why, he was drinking down stairs—swilling. Yes: worse than a midnight robber, he'd taken the keys out of his dear wife's pockets—ha! what that poor creature has to bear!—and had got the brandy. A pretty thing for a wife to wake at six in the morning, and instead of her husband, to see his dirty boots!

But I'll not be made your victim, Mr. Caudle. You shall never get at my keys, for they shall be under my pillow—under my own head, Mr. Caudle.

You'll be ruined; but if I can help it, you shall ruin nobody but yourself.

Oh! that hor—hor—i—ble tob—ac—co!

NUMBER THREE.

Mr. Caudle joins a Club—"The Skylarks."

I'M sure a poor woman had better be in her grave than married! That is, if she can't be married to a decent man! No: I don't care if you are tired, I *shan't* let you go to sleep. No: and I won't say what I have to say in the morning; I'll say it now. It's all very well for you to come home at what time you like—it's now half past twelve—and expect I'm to hold my tongue, and let you go to sleep. What next, I wonder? A woman had better be sold for a slave at once.

And so you've gone and joined a club. The Skylarks, indeed! But I won't stay and be ruined by you. No: I'm determined of that. I'll go and take the dear children, and you may get who you like to keep your house. That is, as you have a house to keep—and that won't be long, I know.

How any decent man can go and spend his nights in a tavern—oh, yes, Mr. Caudle! I dare say you do go for rational conversation. I should like to know how many of you would care for

what you call rational conversation, if you had it without your filthy brandy and water; yes, and your filthy tobacco smoke. I'm sure the last time you came home I had the headache for a week. But I know who it is who's taking you to destruction. It's that brute Prettyman. He has broken his own wife's heart, and now he wants to—but don't you think it, Mr. Caudle; I'll not have my peace of mind destroyed by the best man that ever trod. Oh, yes! I know you don't care, so long as you can appear well to all the world; but the world little thinks how you behave to me. It shall know it, though; that I'm determined.

How any man can leave his own happy fireside to go and sit, and sit, and smoke and drink and talk with people who would'nt one of 'em lift a finger to save him from hanging; how any man can leave his wife—and a good wife, too, though I say it—for a parcel of pot companions; oh, it's disgraceful, Mr. Caudle, it's unfeeling. No man who had the least love for his wife would do it.

And I suppose this is to be the case every Saturday? but I know what I'll do. I know; it's no use, Mr. Caudle, your calling me a good crea-

ture: I'm not such a fool as to be coaxed in that way. No: if you want to go to sleep, you should come home in Christian time, not at half past 12. There was a time when you were a decent man, and did'nt go amongst Heaven knows who, drinking and smoking, and making what you think your jokes. I never heard any good come to a man who cared about jokes. No respectable tradesman does. But I know what I'll do; I'll scare away your Skylarks. The house serves liquor after twelve of a Saturday; and if I do not write to the magistrates, and have their license taken away, I'm not lying in this bed to-night. Yes, you may call me a foolish woman, but no, Mr. Caudle, no; it is you who are the foolish man; or worse than a foolish man, you're a wicked one. If you were to die to-morrow—and people who go to public houses do all they can to shorten their lives—I should like to know who would write on your tombstone, "A tender husband and affectionate father;" I'd have no such falsehoods told of you, I can assure you.

Going and spending your money, and—nonsense! don't tell me—no, if you were to ten times swear it, I would'nt believe that you only spent eighteen-pence on Saturday. You can't

be out at all those hours and spend only eighteen-pence. I know better. I'm not quite a fool, Mr. Caudle. A great deal you can have for eighteen-pence! And all the club married men and fathers of families. The more shame for 'em; skylarks, indeed! They should call themselves vultures; for they can only do as they do by robbing their innocent wives and children.—Eighteen-pence a week! And if it was only that—do you know what fifty-two eighteen-pences come to in a year? Do you ever think of that, and see the gowns I wear? I'm sure I can't, out of the house money, buy myself a pincushion, although I've wanted one these six months. No, not so much as a ball of cotton. But what do you care, so you can get your brandy and water? There's the girls, too; the things they want! They're never dressed like other people's children. But it's all the same to their father. Oh, yes! So he can go with his Skylarks, they may wear sackcloth for pinafores and pack-thread for garters.

You'd better not let that Mr. Prettyman come here, that's all; or, rather, you'd better bring him once. Yes, I should like to see him. He would'nt forget it. A man who, I may say, lives

and moves only in a spittoon. A man who has a pipe in his mouth as constant as his front teeth. A sort of tavern-king, with a lot of fools, like you, to laugh at what he thinks his jokes, and give him consequence. No, Mr. Caudle, no; it's no use, your telling me to go to sleep, for I won't. Go to sleep, indeed! I'm sure it's almost time to get up. I hardly know what's the use of coming to bed at all.

The Skylarks, indeed! I suppose you'll be buying a 'Little Warbler,' and at your time of life, be trying to sing. The peacocks will sing next. A pretty name you'll get in the neighborhood. And, in a very little time, a nice face you'll have. Your nose is redder already; and you've just one of the noses that liquor always flies to. You don't see it's red? No, I dare say not; but I see it. I see a great many things you don't. And so you'll go on. In a little time, with your brandy and water—don't tell me that you only take two small glasses. I know what men's two small glasses are. In a little while you'll have a face all over as if it were made of red currant jam. And I should like to know who is to endure you then? I won't, and so don't think it. Don't come to me.

Nice habits men learn at clubs. There's Joskins; he was a decent creature once, and now I'm told he has more than once boxed his wife's ears. He's a Skylark, too. And I suppose, some day, you'll be trying to box *my* ears?—Don't attempt it, Mr. Caudle; I say, don't attempt it. Yes; it's all very well for you to say you don't mean it; but I only say again, don't attempt it. You'd rue it till the day of your death, Mr. Caudle.

Going and sitting four hours at a tavern!—What men, unless they had their wives with them, can find to talk about, I can't think. No good, of course.

Eighteen-pence a week, and drinking brandy and water enough to swim a boat. And smoking like the funnel of a steamship. And I can't afford myself so much as a piece of tape. It's brutal, Mr. Caudle. It's ve-ry ve--ry bru—tal.

And, says a note in the MS. by Mr. Caudle, "Here, thank Heaven, yawning, she fell asleep."

NUMBER FOUR.

Mr. Caudle has been to Greenwich Fair.

HEM!—So, Mr. Caudle: I hope you have enjoyed yourself at Greenwich. How do I know you have been at Greehwicn? I know it very well, sir; know all about it: know more than you think I know. I thought there was something in the wind. Yes, I was sure of it, when you went out of the house to-day. I knew it by the looks of you, though I did'nt say anything. Upon my word! And you call yourself a respectable man, and a father of a family! Going to a fair among all sorts of people, at your time of life. Yes: and never think of taking your wife with you. Oh no! you can go and enjoy yourself out, with I don't know who; go out and make yourself very pleasant, I dare say. Don't tell me, I hear what a nice companion Mr. Caudle is; what a good tempered person. Ha! I only wish that people could see you at home, that's all. But so it is with the men. They can keep all their good temper for out-of-doors; their wives never see any of it. Oh dear! I'm sure I don't know who'd be a poor woman.

Now, Mr. Caudle, I'm not in an ill temper; not at all. I know I used to be a fool, when we were first married; I used to worry and fret myself to death when you went out; but I've got over that. I wouldn't put myself out of the way for the best man that ever trod. For what thanks does a poor woman get? None at all. No: it's those who do not care for their families who are the best thought of. I only wish I could bring myself not to care about mine.

And why couldn't you say, like a man, you were going to Greenwich Fair, when you went out? It's no use your saying that, Mr. Caudle: don't tell me that you didn't think of going; you'd made up your mind to it. Pretty games youv'e had, no doubt! I should like to have been behind you, that's all. A man at your time of life!

And, of course, I never want to go out. Oh no! I may stay at home with the cat. You could'nt think of taking your wife and children, like any other decent man, to a fair. Oh no; you never care to be seen with us. I'm sure, many people don't know you're married; how can they? Your wife's never seen with you. Oh no; any body but those belonging to you.

Greenwich Fair, indeed! Yes, and of course you went up and down the hill, running and sacing with nobody knows who. Don't tell me; I know what you are when you're out. You don't suppose, Mr. Caudle, I've forgotten that pink bonnet, do you? No, I wont hold my tongue, and I'm not a foolish woman. It's no matter, sir, if the pink bonnet was fifty years ago, it's all the same for that. No; and if I live fifty years to come, I will never leave off talking of it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Caudle. Ha! few wives would have been what I've been to you. I only wish my time was to come over again, that's all; I wouldn't be the fool I have been.

Going to a fair! and I suppose you had your fortune told by the gypsies? You need n't have wasted your money. I'm sure I can tell you your fortune, if you go on as you do. Yes, the gaol will be your fortune, Mr. Caudle. And it would be no matter—none at all—if your wife and children didn't suffer with you.

And then you must go riding upon donkeys—you didn't go riding upon donkeys? Yes; it's very well for you to say so; but I dare say you did. I tell you, Caudle, I know what you

are when you're out. I wouldn't trust any of you—you, especially, Caudle.

Then you must go in the thick of the fair, and have the girls scratching your coat with rattles! You couldn't help it, if they did scratch your coat? Don't tell me; people don't scratch coats unless they're encouraged to do it. And you must go in a swing, too. You didn't go in a swing? And I'm a foolish woman to think so, am I? Well, if you didn't, it was no fault of yours; you wished to go, I've no doubt.

And then you must go into the shows?—There, you don't deny that. You *did* go into a show.

What of it, Mr. Caudle? A good deal of it, sir.

Nice crowding and squeezing in these shows, I know. Pretty places! And you a married man and the father of a family. No, I won't hold my tongue.

It's very well for you to threaten to get up. You're to go to Greenwich Fair, and race up and down the hill, and play at kiss in the ring. Pah! it's disgusting, Mr. Caudle. Oh, I dare say you did play at it; if you didn't, you'd have liked, and that's just as bad: and you can go

into swings and shows and roundabouts. If I was you, I should hide my head under the clothes, and be ashamed of myself.

And what is more selfish—most mean of you, Caudle—you can go and enjoy yourself, and never so much as bring home for the children a ginger nut.

Don't tell me that your pocket was picked of a pound of nuts. Nice company you must have been in to have your pocket picked.

But I dare say I shall hear all about it to-morrow.

I've no doubt, sir, you were dancing at the Crown and Anchor. I should like to have seen you. No; I'm not making myself ridiculous. It's you that's making yourself ridiculous; and every body that knows you says so. Everybody knows what I have to put up with from you.

Going to a fair, indeed! At your time——

"Here," says Caudle, "I dozed off, hearing confusedly the words, hill, gypsies, rattles, roundabout, swings, pink bonnet, nuts."

NUMBER FIVE.

Caudle has been made a Mason—Mrs. Caudle is indignant and curious.

NOW, Mr. Caudle; Mr. Caudle, I say: oh, you can't be asleep already, I know. Now, what I mean to say is this: there's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about the matter; but, at last, my mind's made, Mr. Caudle: I shall leave you. Either I know all you've been doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house. No, no: there's an end of the marriage state, I think—an end of all confidence between man and wife—if a husband's to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself. Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can't know 'em. Not fit for any decent person to know, I'm sure, if that's the case. Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel; there's a good soul, tell me what it's all about? A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still, not that I care much about it—still, I *should* like to know. There's a dear. Eh! Oh, don't tell me there's nothing in it; I know better. I'm not a fool, Mr. Caudle; I know there's a good deal in it. Now,

Caudle, just tell me a little bit of it. I'm sure I'd tell you anything. You know I would.—Well?

Caudle, you're enough to vex a saint! Now, don't you think you're going to sleep; because you're not. Do you suppose I'd ever suffered you to go and be made a mason, if I didn't suppose I was to know the secret, too? Not that it's any thing to know, I dare say, and that's why I'm determined to know it.

But I know what it is; oh, yes, there can be no doubt. The secret is, to ill-use poor women: to tyrannise over 'em: to make 'em your slaves; especially your wives. It must be something of the sort, or you wouldn't be ashamed to have it known. What's right and proper never need be done in secret. It's an insult to a woman for a man to be a freemason, and let his wife know nothing of it. But, poor soul! she's sure to know it somehow, for nice husbands they all make. Yes, yes; a part of the secret is to think better of all the world than their own wives and families. I'm sure men have quite enough to care for—that is, if they act properly—to care for them they have at home. They can't have much care to spare for the world besides.

And I suppose they call you *Brother* Caudle? A pretty brother, indeed! Going and dressing yourself up in an apron like a turnpike man—for that's what you look like. And I should like to know what the apron's for? There must be something in it not very respectable, I'm sure. Well, I only wish I was Queen for a day or two. I'd put an end to freemasonry and all such trumpery, I know.

Now, come, Caudle; don't let's quarrel. Eh! you're not in pain, dear? What's it all about? What are you lying laughing there at? But I'm a fool to trouble my head about you.

And you're not going to let me know the secret, eh? You mean to say, you're not. Now, Caudle, you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion; not that I care about the secret itself, no, I wouldn't give a button to know it, for it's all nonsense, I'm sure. It is n't the secret I care about; it's the slight, Mr. Caudle; it's the studied insult that a man pays to his wife, when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself, which he won't let her know. Man and wife one, indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man's a mason—when he keeps a secret that sets him

and his wife apart? Ha, you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have all the best of 'em to yourselves; otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce, when a man becomes a mason. When he's got a sort of corner-cupboard in his heart, a secret place in his mind, that his poor wife is n't allowed to rummage.

Caudle, you shan't close your eyes for a week —no, you shan't—unless you tell me some of it. Come, there's a good creature; there's a love. I'm sure, Caudle, I wouldn't refuse you anything; and you know it, or ought to know it by this time. I only wish I had a secret. To whom should I think of confiding it, but to my dear husband? I should be miserable to keep it to myself, and you know it. Now, Caudle?

Was there ever such a man? A man, indeed! A brute! yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal creature, when you might oblige me, and you won't. I'm sure I don't object to your being a mason; not at all, Caudle; I dare say it's a very good thing; I dare say it is; it's only your making a secret of it that vexes me. But you'll tell me; you'll tell your own Margaret? You won't! You're a wretch, Mr. Caudle.

But you know why: oh, yes, I can tell. The fact is, you're ashamed to let me know what a fool they've been making of you. That's it. You, at your time of life—the father of a family—I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

And I suppose you'll be going to what you call your Lodge, every night, now. Lodge, indeed! Pretty place it must be, where they don't admit women. Nice goings on, I dare say. Then you call one another brethren. Brethren! I'm sure you had relations enough; you didn't want any more.

But I know what all this masonry's about. It's only an excuse to get away from your wives and families, that you may feast and drink together, that's all. That's the secret. And to abuse women, as if they were inferior animals, and not to be trusted. That's the secret, and nothing else.

Now, Candle, don't let us quarrel. Yes, I know you're in pain. Still, Caudle, my love; Caudle! Dearest, I say, Caudle? Caud——

"I recollect nothing more," says Caudle, "for here, thank Providence, I fell asleep."

NUMBER SIX.

On Mr. Caudle's Shirt Buttons.

THERE, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning. There, you needn't begin to whistle: people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you; I can't speak, that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say you were the best creature living: now, you get quite a fiend. *Do* let you rest? No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I'm put upon all day long: it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; and it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

Because *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house. You *didn't* swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know what you do when you're in a passion. You were not in a passion, wer'nt you? Well, then I don't know what a passion is; and I think I ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

It's a pity you hav'nt something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If

you'd *some* wives, you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle-and-thread in my hand; what with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you say *'ah'* at? I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice or three times, at most. I'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than your's. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

Yes, it is worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then, if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in.

A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and one thing and another! They'd never tie themselves up to the best man in the world, I'm

sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle?—Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for any thing! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say it's very odd.

However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and shan't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love; that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me, then; for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

No, I'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle; nobody ever called me that, but you. What do you say? Nobody ever knew so much of me?

That's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I wouldn't have your aggravating temper, Caudle, for mines of gold. It's a good thing I'm not as worrying as you are, or a nice house there'd be between us. I only wish you'd had a wife that *would* have talked to you! then you'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me, because, like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

And a pretty example you set as a father! You'll make your boys as bad as yourself.—Talking as you did all breakfast time about your buttons! And of a Sunday morning too! And you call yourself a Christian! I should like to know what your boys will say of you when they grow up? And all about a paltry button off one of your wristbands: a decent man wouldn't have mentioned it, Why wont I hold my tongue? Because I *wont* hold my tongue. I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed, I'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt button, and I'm to hold my tongue! Oh, but that's just like you men!

But I know what I'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off, and I wont so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should

like to know what you'll do then? Oh, you must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? That's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to his wife! And to such a wife as I've been, too; such a negro slave to your buttons, as I may say! Somebody else to sew 'em, eh? No, Caudle, no; not while I'm alive. When I'm dead, and with what I have to bear there's no knowing how soon that may be, when I'm dead, I say—oh, what a brute you must be to snore so!

You're not snoring! Ha! That's what you always say; but that's nothing to do with it.—You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha, I shouldn't wonder. Oh, no, I should be surprised at nothing, now; nothing at all! It's what people have always told me it would come to, and now, the buttons have opened my eyes. But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I've been to you. Somebody else, indeed, to sew your buttons. I'm no longer to be mistress in my own house! Ha, Caudle, I wouldn't have upon my conscience what you have, for the world! I wouldn't treat any body as you treat—no, I'm not mad! It's you, Mr. Caudle,

who are mad, or bad—and that's worse! I can't even so much as speak of a shirt button, bnt that I'm threatened to be made a nobody of, in my own house! Caudle, you've a heart like a hearth-stone, you have. To threaten me, and only because a button—a button——

"I was conscious of no more than this," says Caudle, in his MS., "for here nature relieved me with a sweet, deep sleep."

NUMBER SEVEN.

Mr. Caudle has remained down stairs till past one, with a Friend.

A PRETTY time of night to come to bed, Mr. Caudle. Ugh! as cold, too, as any ice.—Enough to give any woman her death, I'm sure. What, I should'nt have locked up the coals, indeed! If I hadn't, I've no doubt the fellow would have staid all night. It's all very well for you, Mr. Caudle, to bring people home, but I wish you'd think first what's for supper. That beautiful leg of pork would have served for our dinner to-morrow—but now it's gone. I wont pretend to do it, if you bring a mob of people every night to clear the cupboard.

I wonder who'll be so ready to give you a supper when you want one; for want one you will, unless you change your plans. Don't tell me! I know I'm right. You'll first be eaten up, and then you'll be laughed at. I know the world. No, indeed, Mr. Caudle, I don't think ill of every body; dont say that. But I can't see a leg of pork eaten up in that way, without asking myself what it's all to end in if such

things go on ? And then he must have pickles, too ! Couldn't be content with cabbage—no, Mr. Caudle, I wont let you go sleep. It's very well for you to say let you go to sleep, after you've kept me awake till this time. *Why* did I keep awake ? Ho do you suppose I could go to sleep, when I knew that man was below drinking up your substance in brandy-and-water ? for he could'nt be content upon decent, wholesome gin. Upon my word, you ought to be a rich man, Mr. Caudle. You have such very fine friends. I wonder who gives you brandy when you go out !

No, indeed, he couldn't be content with my pickled cabbage, and I should like to know who makes better, but he must have walnuts. And you, too, like a fool—now don't you think to stop me, Mr. Caudle; a poor woman may be trampled to death, and never say a word ; you, too, like a fool—I wonder who'd do it for you—to insist upon the girl going out for pickled walnuts. And in such a night, too. With snow upon the ground. Yes, you're a man of fine feelings, you are, Mr. Caudle ! But the world doesn't know you as I know you. Fine feelings, indeed, to send the poor girl out, when I told

you, and told your friend, too,—a pretty brute he is, I'm sure—that the poor girl had got a cold and chilblains on her toes. But I know what will be the end of that; she'll be laid up, and we shall have a nice doctor's bill. And you'll pay it, I can tell you, for I wont-

Wish you were out of the world? Oh, yes; that's all very easy. I'm sure I might wish it. Don't swear in that dreadful way. Ain't you afraid that the bed will open and swallow you? And don't swing about in that way. *That* will do no good. *That* wont bring back the leg of pork, and the brandy you've poured down both your throats. Oh, I know it! I'm sure of it. I only recollected it when I'd got into bed, and if it hadn't been so cold, you'd have seen me down stairs again, I can tell you—I recollected it, and a pretty two hours I've passed, that I left the key in the cupboard, and I know it, I could see by the manner of you, when you came into room; I know you've got at the other bottle.—However, there's one comfort: you told me to send for the best brandy, the very best, for your other friend, who called last Wednesday. Ha, he! It was British, the cheapest British, and

nice and ill I hope the pair of you will be to-morrow.

There's only the bare bone of the leg of pork, but you'll get nothing else for dinner, I can tell you. It's a dreadful thing that the poor children should go without, but if they have got such a father, they, poor things, must suffer for it.

Nearly a whole leg of pork and a pint of brandy! A pint of brandy and a leg of pork. A leg of—leg—leg—pint——

"And mumbling the syllables," says Mr. Caudle's MS., "she went to sleep."

NUMBER EIGHT.

Mr. Caudle has ventured a remonstrance on his day's dinner; cold mutton, and no pudding. Mrs. Caudle defends the cold shoulder.

UMPH! I'm sure! Well! I wonder what it will be next. There's nothing proper, now, nothing at all. Better get somebody else to keep the house, I think. I can't do it now, it seems; I'm only in the way here; I'd better take the children and go.

What am I grumbling about now? It's very well for you to ask that! I'm sure I'd better be out of the world—there now, Mr. Caudle; there you are again. I *shall* speak, sir! It isn't often I open my mouth, heaven knows! But you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. You ought to have married a negro slave, and not any respectable woman.

You're to go about the house looking like thunder all the day, and I'm not to say a word. Where do you think pudding's to come from every-day? You show a pretty example to your children, you do; complaining and turning your nose at a sweet piece of cold mutton,

because there's no pudding! You go a nice way to make 'em extravagant—teach 'em nice lessons to begin the world with. Do you know what puddings cost; or do you think they fly in at the window?

Yo hate cold mutton? The more shame for you, Mr. Caudle. I'm sure you've the stomach of a lord, you have. No sir; I didn't choose to hash the mutton. It's very easy for you to say hash it; but *I* know what a joint loses in hashing; It's a day's dinner the less, if it's a bit. Yes, I dare say; other people may have puddings with cold mutton. No doubt of it; and other people become bankrupts. But if ever you get into the Gazette, it shan't be *my* fault—no; I'll do my duty as a wife to you, Mr. Caudle; you shall never have it to say that it was *my* housekeeping that brought you to beggary. No; you may sulk at the cold meat—ha! I hope you'll never live to want such a piece of cold mutton as we had to-day. And you may threaten to go to a tavern to dine, but with our present means, not a crumb of pudding do you get from me. You shall have nothing but the cold joint — nothing as I'm a Christian sinner.

Yes; there you are, throwing those fowls in my face again. I know you once brought home a pair of fowls; I know it; and weren't you mean enough to want to stop 'em out of my week's money? Oh, the selfishness, the shabbiness of men! They can go out and throw away pounds upon pounds with a pack of people who laugh at 'em afterward; but if it's any thing wanted for their own homes, their poor wives may hunt for it. I wonder you don't blush to name those fowls again. I wouldn't be so little for the world, Mr. Caudle.

What are you going to do? Going to get up? Don't make yourself ridiculous, Mr. Caudle; I can't say a word to you like any other wife, but you must threaten to get up. *Do* be ashamed of yourself.

Puddings, indeed! Do you think I'm made of puddings? Didn't you have some boiled rice three weegs ago? Besides, is this the time of the year for puddings? It's all very well if I had money enough allowed me like any other wife to keep the house with; now, it's impossible; and it's cruel, yes, Mr. Caudle, cruel, of you to expect it.

Apples arn't so dear: arn't they? I know what apples are, Mr. Caudle, without your telling me. But I suppose you want something more than apples for dumplings? I suppose sugar costs something, doesn't it? And that's how it is. That's how one expense brings on another, and that's how people go to ruin.

Pancakes! What's the use of your lying muttering there about pancakes? Don't you always have 'em once a year, every Shrove-Tuesday? And what would any moderate, decent man want more?

Pancakes, indeed! Pray, Mr. Caudle,—no, it's no use your saying fine words to me to let you go to sleep; I shan't! Pray do you know the price of eggs just now? There's not an egg you can trust to under seven and eight shilling; well, you've only just to reckon up how many eggs—don't lie swearing there at the eggs, in that manner, Mr. Caudle; unless you expect the bed to open under you. You call yourself a respectable tradesman, I suppose. Ha! I only wish people knew you as well as I do! Swearing at eggs, indeed! But I'm tired of this usage, Mr. Caudle; quite tired of it; and and I don't care how soon it's ended.

I'm sure I do nothing but work and labor, and think how to make the most of everything? and this is how I'm rewarded. I should like to see any body whose joints go further than mine. But if I was to throw away your money into the street, or lay it out in fine feathers on myself I should be better thought of. The woman who studies her husband and her family is always made a drudge of. It's your fine fal-lal wives who've the best time of it.

What's the use of your lying groaning there in that manner? That won't make me hold my tongue, I can tell you. You think to have it all your own way; but you won't, Mr. Caudle. You can insult my dinner; look like a demon, I may say, at a wholesome piece of cold mutton, ha! the thousands of far better creatures than you are who'd been thankful for that mutton! and I'm never to speak! But you're mistaken, I will! Your usage of me, Mr. Caudle, is infamous, unworthy of a man. I only wish people knew you for what you are; but they shall, some day.

Puddings! And now I suppose I shall hear of nothing but puddings! Yes, and I know what it would end in. First, you'd have a pud-

ding every day ;—oh, I know your extravagance—then you'd go for fish—then I should'nt wonder if you'd have soup ; as plain as the quilt before me—but no! not while I live! What your second wife may do, I don't know ; perhaps *she'll* be a fine lady : but you shan't be ruined by me, Mr. Caudle ; that I'm determined. Puddings, indeed! Pu-dding-s ! Pudd-

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"Exhausted nature," says Caudle, "could hold out no longer. Here my wife went to sleep."

NUMBER NINE.

Mr. Caudle has lent an acpuaintance the family Umbrella. Mrs. Caudle lectures on.

BAH! that's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And as I'm alive, if it is'nt Saint Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense; you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks, and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. *He* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if any body ever *did* return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs,

and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella!

I should like to know how the children are to go to school, to-morrow? They shan't go through such weather, I'm determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn anything, the blessed creatures! sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children, ought never to be fathers.

But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow: you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more. No: and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours! A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteenpence, at least—sixteenpence! two-and-eightpence, for there's back again! *I* can't pay for 'em; and I'm sure you can't, if

you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggaring your children, buying umbrellas!

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow: I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman, it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there'l be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder If I caught my death; yes: and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

Nice clothes, I shall get too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt quite. Needn't I wear 'em then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going aut a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! It isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once, better. I should say. But

when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow! But if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you shan't buy one. (With great emphasis) Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd known as much as I do now, it would have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you, you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife, and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas!

Men, indeed! Call themselves lords of the creation! Pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want—then you may go to your club and do as you like—and then, nicely my poor dear children will be used;

but then, sir, you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you'd never have lent the umbrella.!

You have to go on Tuesday about your summons; and of course you can't go. No, indeed, you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes, better lose it; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I *would go*—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

The children, too! Dear things! They'll be sopping wet: for they shan't stop at home—they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave e'm, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me I said they should not; you're so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They *shall* go to school; mark that. And if they get their

deaths of cold, it's not my fault, *I* didn't lend the umbrella

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"Here," says Caudle, in his MS., "I fell asleep; and dreampt that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs; that, in fact, the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella!"

NUMBER TEN.

Mr. Caudle has been called from his bed, to bail Mr. Prettyman from the Watch-house.

FIE, Mr. Caudle, I knew it would come to this. I said it would when you joined those precious Skylarks. People being called out of their bed at all hours of the night, to bail a set of fellows who are never so happy as when they're leading sober men to destruction. I should like

to know what the neighbors will think of you, with people from the police knocking at the door at two in the morning. Don't tell me that the man has been ill-used; he's not the man to be ill-used. And you must go and bail him. I know the end of that: he'll run away, and you'll have to pay the money. I should like to know what's the use of my working and slaving to save a farthing, when you throw away pounds upon your precious Skylarks? A pretty cold you'll have to-morrow morning, being called out of your warm bed this weather; but don't you think I'll nurse you—not I: not a drop of gruel do you get from me.

I'm sure you've plenty of ways of spending your money—not throwing it away upon a set of dissolute peace-breakers. It's all very well for you to say you haven't thrown away your money, but you will. He'll be certain to run off; it isn't likely he'll go upon his trial, and you'll be fixed with the bail. Don't tell me there's no trial in the matter, because I know there is; it's for something more than quarrelling with the police-man that he was locked up. People aint locked up for that. No, it's for robbery, or something worse, perhaps.

And as you've bailed him, people will think you are as bad as he is. Don't tell me you couldn't help bailing him; you should have shown yourself a respectable man, and have let him been sent to prison. Now people know you are the friend of drunken and other disorderly persons; you'll never have a night's sleep in your bed. Not that it would matter what fell upon you, if it wasn't your poor wife who suffered. Of course, all the business will be in the newspapers, and your name with it. I shouldn't wonder, too, if they give your picture, as they do the other folks of the Old Bailey. A pretty thing that, to go down to your childreu. I'm sure it will be enough to make them change their name. No, I shall not go to sleep; it's all very well for you to say, go to sleep, after such a disturbance. I shall not go——

"But here," says Mr. Caudle's MS., "happily, she slumbered; for Mrs. Caudle had, considering the theme she had to talk upon, a remarkably short lecture.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

Mrs. Caudle suggests that her dear mother should "come and live with them."

IS your cold better to-night, Caudle? Yes, I thought it was. 'Twill be quite well to-morrow, I dare say. You don't take care enough of yourself, Caudle, you don't. And you ought, I'm sure, if only for my sake. For whatever I should do, if anything was to happen to you: but I won't think of it: no, I can't bear to think of *that*. Still, you ought to take care of yourself; for you know you are not strong, Caudle; you know you're not.

Wan't dear mother so happy with us to-night? Now, you needn't go to sleep so suddenly. I say wasn't she so happy? *You don't know?* How can you say you don't know? You have seen it. But she is always happier here than anywhere else. Ha! what a temper that dear soul has! I call it a temper of satin; it is so smooth, so easy and so soft. Nothing puts her out of the way. And then, if you only knew how she takes your part, Caudle! I'm sure if you'd been her own son ten times over, she couldn't

be fonder of you. Don't you think so, Caudle? Eh, love? How can you tell? Nonsense, Caudle, you must have seen it. I'm sure, nothing delights the dear soul so much as when she's thinking how to please you.

Don't you remember Thursday night, the stewed oysters when you came home? That was all dear mother's doings! "Margaret," says she to me, "it's a cold night; and don't you think dear Mr. Caudle would like something nice before he goes to bed?" And that, Caudle, is how the oysters came about. Now, don't sleep, Caudle: do listen to me for five minutes; 'tisn't often I speak, goodness knows.

And then, what a fuss she makes when you're out, if your slippers arn't put to the fire for you. She's very good? Yes—I know she is, Caudle. And hasn't she been six months—though I promised her not to tell you—six months, working a watch-pocket for you! And with *her* eyes, dear soul; and at *her* time of life!

And then what a cook she is! I'm sure, the dishes she'll make out of next to nothing! I try hard enough to follow her, but, I'm not ashamed to own it, Caudle, she quite beats me. Ha! the many nice little things she'd simmer up for

you: and I can't do it; the children, you know it, Caudle, take so much of my time. I can't do it, love; and I often reproach myself that I can't. Now, you shan't go to sleep, Caudle; at least, for five minutes. You must hear me.

I've been thinking, dearest: ha! that nasty cough, love! I've been thinking, darling, if we could only persuade dear mother to come and live with us. Now, Caudle, you can't be asleep; it's impossible: you were coughing only this minute—yes, to live with us. What a treasure we should have in her! Then, Caudle, you never need go to bed without something nice and hot. And you want it, Caudle. You don't want it? Nonsense, you do; for you're not strong, Caudle; you know you're not.

I'm sure, the money she'd save us in housekeeping. Ha! what an eye she has for a joint! The butcher doesn't walk that could deceive dear mother. And then, again, for poultry! What a finger and thumb she has for a chicken! I never could market like her: it's a gift, quite a gift.

And then you recollect her marrow puddings? You don't recollect 'em? Oh, fie! Caudle, how often have you flung her marrow puddings in my

face, wanting to know why I couldn't make 'em? And I wouldn't pretend to do it after dear mother. I should think it presumption. Now, love, if she was only living with us, you could have marrow puddings every day. Now don't fling yourself about and begin to swear at marrow puddings; you know you like 'em, dear.

What a hand, too, dear mother has for a pie-crust! But it's born with some people. What do you say? Why wasn't it born with me? Now, Caudle, that's cruel, unfeeling of you; I wouldn't have utter such a reproach to you for the whole world. People can't be born as they like.

How often, too, have you wanted to brew at home! And I never could learn anything about brewing. But, ha! what ale mother makes! You never tasted it! No, I know that. But I recollect the ale we used to have at home; father never'd drink wine after it. The best sherry was nothing like it. You dare say not? No; it wasn't indeed, Caudle. Then, if dear mother was only with us, what money she would save in beer! And then you might always have your own nice, pure, good, wholesome ale, Caudle;

and what good it would do you! For you're not strong, Caudle.

And then dear mother's jams and preserves, love! I own it, Caudle; it has often gone to my heart, that with cold meat you havn't always had a pudding. Now, if mother was with us, in the matter of fruit puddings, she'd make it summer all the year round. But I never could preserve—now mother does it, and for next to no money whatever. What nice dogs-in-a-blanket she'd make for the children! What's dogs-in-a-blanket? Oh, they're delicious, as dear mother makes 'em.

Now, you *have* tasted her Irish stew, Caudle? You remember that? Come, you're not asleep, you remember that? And how fond you are of it! And I never can have it made to please you! Now, what a relief to me it would be if dear mother was always at hand that you might have a stew when you liked. What a load it would be off my mind.

Again, for pickles! Not at all like anybody's else pickles. Her red cabbage, why it's as crisp as biscuit! And then her walnuts, and her all-sorts! Eh, Caudle? You know how you love pickles; and how we sometimes tiff

about 'em? Now if dear mother was here, a word would never pass between us. And I'm sure nothing would make me happier, for—you're not asleep, Caudle!—for I can't bear to quarrel, can I, love?

The children, too, are so fond of her! And she'd be such a help to me with 'em! I'm sure with dear mother in the house, I shouldn't care a fig for measles, or anything of the sort. As a nurse, she's such a treasure!

And at her time of life, what a needle-woman! And the darning and mending for the children, it really gets quite beyond me now, Caudle. Now with mother at my hand, there would'nt be a stitch wanted in the house.

And then when you're out late, Caudle—for I know you must be out late, sometimes; I can't expect you, of course, to be always at home—why then dear mother could sit up for you, and nothing would delight the dear soul half so much.

And so, Caudle, love, I think dear mother had better come, don't you? Eh, Caudle? Now, you're not asleep, darling; don't you think she had better come? You say *No*, again? *You*

won't have her, you say; *You won't that's flat?* Caudle—Cau—Cau-dle—Cau—dle—

"Here, Mrs. Caudle," says Mr. C. in his MS., "suddenly went into tears; and I went to sleep."

NUMBER TWELVE.

Mr. Caudle having come home a little late, declares that henceforth "he must have a Key."

ON my word, Mr. Caudle, I think it a waste of time to come to bed at all now! The cocks will be crowing in a minute. Keeping people up till past twelve. Oh yes! you're thought a man of very fine feelings out of doors, I dare say! It's a pity you haven't a little feeling for those belonging to you at home. A nice hour to keep people out of their beds! Why did I sit up, then? Because I chose to sit up—but that's my thanks. No, it's no use your talking, Caudle; I never *will* let the girl sit up for you, and there's an end. What do you say? Why does she sit up with me, then? That's quite a different matter: you don't suppose I'm going to sit up alone, do you? What do you say? What's the use of *two* sitting up? That's my business. No, Caudle, it's no such thing. I *don't* sit up because I may have the pleasure of talking about it; and you're an ungrateful, unfeeling creature, to say so. I sit up because I choose it; and if you don't come home all the night

long—and 'twill soon come to that, I've no doubt—still, I'll never go to bed, so don't think it.

Oh, yes! the time runs away very pleasantly with you men at your clubs—selfish creatures! You can laugh and sing, and tell stories, and never think of the clock; never think there's such a person as a wife belonging to you. It's nothing to you that a poor woman s sitting up, and telling the minutes, and seeing all sorts of things in the fire; and sometimes thinking that something dreadful has happened to you; more fool she to care a straw about you! This is all nothing. Oh no! when a woman's once married, she's a slave, worse than a slave, and must bear it all!

And what you men can find to talk about I can't think! Instead of a man sitting every night at home with his wife, and going to bed at a Christian hour, going to a club, to meet a set of people who don't care a fig about him; it's monstrous! What do you say? You only go once a week? That's nothing at all to do with it; you might as well go every-night; and I dare say you will soon. But if you do, you may

get in as you can; I won't sit up for you, I can tell you.

My health's being destroyed night after night, and—oh, don't say it's only once a week; I tell you, that's nothing to do with it—if you had any eyes, you would see how ill I am; but you've no eyes for anybody belonging to you: oh no! your eyes are for people out of doors. It's very well for you to call me a foolish, aggravating woman! I should like to see the woman who'd sit up for you as I do. You don't want me to sit up? Yes, yes, that's your thanks; that's your gratitude; I'm to ruin my health, and to be abused for it. Nice principles you've got at that club, Mr. Caudle!

But there's one comfort—one great comfort; it can't last long: I'm sinking; I feel it, though I never say anything about it; but I know my own feelings, and I say it can't last long. And then I should like to know who'll set up for you! Then I should like to know how your second wife—what do you say? You'll never be troubled with another? Troubled, indeed! I never troubled you, Caudle. No; it's you who've troubled me; and you know it; though like a foolish woman, I've born it all, and never said a

word about it. But it *can't* last—that's one blessing!

Oh, if a woman could only know what she'd have to suffer, before she was married! Don't tell me you want to go to sleep! If you want to go to sleep, you should come home at proper hours! It's time to get up, for what I know, now. Shouldn't wonder if you hear the milk in five minutes—there's the sparrows up already; yes, I say the sparrows; and Caudle, you ought to blush to hear 'em. No, Mr. Caudle: it *isn't* the wind whistling in the key-hole; I'm not quite foolish, though you may think so. I know wind from a sparrow!

Ha! when I think what a man you were before we were married! But you're now another person, quite an altered creature. But I suppose you're all alike; I dare say, every poor woman's troubled and put upon, though I should hope not so much as I am. Indeed, I should hope not! Going and staying out, and—

What! You'll have a key? Will you? Not while I'm alive, Mr. Caudle! I'm not going to bed with the door upon the latch, for you or the best man breathing. You won't have a latch; you'll have a Chubb's lock? Will you?

I'll have no Chubb here, I can tell you. What do you say? You will have the lock put on to-morrow? Well, try it; that's all I say, Caudle, try it. I won't let you put me in a passion; but all I say is, try it.

A respectable thing, that, for a married man to carry about with him—a street-door-key! That tell's a tale, I think. A nice thing for the father of a family! A key! What! to let yourself in and out when you please! To come in, like a thief in the middle of the night, instead of knocking at the koor like a decent person! Oh, don't tell me that you only want to prevent my sitting up. If I choose to sit up, what's that to you? Some wives, indeed, would make a noise about sitting up, but you've no reason to complain, goodness knows!

Well, upon my word, I've lived to hear something. Carry the street-door key about with you! I've heard of such things with young good-for-nothing bachelors, with nobody to care what became of 'em; but for a married man to leave his wife and children in a house with the door upon the latch—don't talk to me about the Chubb—a great deal you must care for us. Yes, it's very well for you to say, that you only want

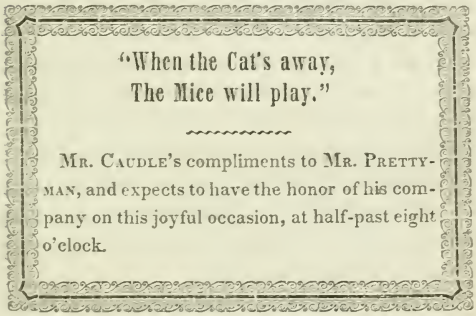
the key for peace and quietness—what's it to you, if I like to sit up? You've no business to complain; it can't distress you. Now, it's no use your talking; all I say is this, Caudle; if you send a man to put on any lock here, I'll call in a policeman; as I'm your married wife, I will.

No, I think when a man comes to have the street-door key, the sooner he turns bachelor again the better. I'm sure, Caudle, I don't want to be any clog upon you, Now, it's no use your telling me to hold my tongue, for I—What? I give you the headache, do I? No, I don't, Caudle; it's your club that gives you the head-ache; it's your smoke, and your—well! if ever I knew such a man in all my life! there's no saying a word to you! You go out, and treat yourself like an emperor, and come home at twelve at night, or any hour, for what I know, and then you threaten to have a key, and—and—and—

"I *did* get to sleep at last," says Caudle, "amid the falling sentences of 'take children into a lodging'—'separate maintenance'—'won't be made a slave of'—and so forth.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

Mrs. Caudle has been to see her dear mother. Caudle on the 'joyful occasion' has given a party, and issued the annexed card of invitation.



"When the Cat's away,
The Mice will play."

MR. CAUDLE's compliments to MR. PRETTYMAN, and expects to have the honor of his company on this joyful occasion, at half-past eight o'clock.

IT *is* hard, I think, Mr. Caudle, that I can't leave home for a day or two, but the house must be turned into a tavern: a tavern? a pot-house! Yes, I thought you wanted to get rid of me for something, or you would not have insisted on my staying at dear mother's all night. You were afraid I should get cold coming home, were you? Oh yes, you can be very tender, you can, Mr. Caudle, when it suits your own purpose. Yes! and the world thinks what a good husband you are! I only wish the world

knew you as well as I do, that's all ; but it shall, some day, I'm determined.

I'm sure the house will not be sweet for a month. All the curtains are poisoned with smoke ; and what's more, with the filthiest smoke I ever knew. *Take 'em down, then ?* Yes, it's all very well for you to say, take 'em down; but they were only cleaned and put up a month ago ; but a careful wife's lost upon you, Mr. Caudle. You ought to have married somebody who'd have let your house go to wreck and ruin, as I will for the future. People who don't care for their families are better thought of than those who do ; I've found out *that*.

And what a condition the carpet's in ! They have taken five pounds out it, if a farthing, with their filthy boots, and I don't know what besides. And then the smoke in the hearth-rug, and a large cinder hole burnt in it ! I never saw such a house in *my* life ! If you wanted to have a few friends, why couldn't you invite 'em when your wife's at home, like any other man ? not have 'em sneaking in, like a set of housebreakers, directly a woman turns her back. They must be pretty gentlemen, they must ; mean fellows, that are afraid to face a woman ! Ha !

and you call yourselves the lords of creation! I should only like to see what would become of the creation, if you were left to yourselves! A pretty pickle creation would be in very soon!

You must all have been in a nice condition! What do you say? *You took nothing?* Took nothing, didn't you? I'm sure there's such a regiment of empty bottles, I haven't had the heart to count 'em. And punch, too! you must have punch! There's a hundred half-lemons in the kitchen, if there's one; for Susan, like a good girl, kept 'em to show 'em to me. No, sir; Susan *shan't* leave the house! What do you say? She has no right to tell tales, and you *will* be master in your own house? Will you? If you don't alter, Mr. Caudle, you'll soon have no house to be master of. A whole loaf of sugar did I leave in the cupboard, and now there isn't as much as would fill a tea-cup. Do you suppose I'm going to find sugar for punch for fifty men? What do you say? *There was n't fifty?* That's no matter; the more shame for 'em, sir. I'm sure they drank enough for fifty. Do you suppose I'm to find sugar for all the world out of my housekeeping money?

You don't ask me? Don't you ask me? You do, you know you do: for if I only want a shilling extra, the house is in a blaze. And yet, a whole loaf of sugar can you throw away upon—No, I *won't* be still; and I *won't* let you go to sleep. If you'd got to bed at a proper hour last night, you wouldn't have been so sleepy now. You can sit up half the night with a pack of people who don't care for you, and your poor wife can't get in a word!

And there's that China image that I had when I was married—I wouldn't have taken any sum of money for it.and you know it—how do I find it? With its precious head knocked off! And what was more mean, more contemptible than all besides, it was put on again, as if nothing had happened. *You knew nothing about it?* Now, how can you lie there in your Christian bed, Caudle,and say that? You know that that fellow, Prettyman, knocked off the head with the poker! You know that he did. And you hadn't the feeling—yes, I will say it—you hadn't the feeling to protect what you knew was precious to me. Oh no, if the truth was known, you were very glad to see it broken for that very reason.

Every way, I've been insulted. I should like to know who it was who corked whiskers on my dear aunt's picture? Oh, you're laughing, are you? *You're not laughing?* Don't tell me that. I should like to know what shakes the bed, then, if you're not laughing? Yes, corked whiskers on her dear face—and she was a good soul to you, Caudle, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to see her ill-used. Oh, you may laugh! It's very easy to laugh! I only wish you'd a little feeling, like other people, that's all.

Then there's my china mug—the mug I had before I was married, when I was a happy creature. I should like to know who knocked the spout off that mug? Don't tell me it was cracked before—it's no such thing, Caudle; there wasn't a flaw in it—and now, I could have cried when I saw it. Don't tell me it wasn't worth two-pence. How do you know? You never buy mugs. But that's like men; they think nothing in a house costs anything.

There's four glasses broke, and nine cracked. At least, that's all I've found out at present; but I dare say I shall discover a dozen to-morrow.

And I should like to know where the cotton umbrella's gone to—and I should like to know who broke the bell-pull—and perhaps you don't know there's a leg off a chair—and perhaps—

"Here," says Caudle, "Morpheus came to my aid, and I slept; nay, I think I snored."

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

Mrs. Caudle thinks it "high time" that the Children should have Summer Clothing.

THERE, Caudle! If there's anything in the world I hate—and you know it—it is asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times, and I do, the more shame for you to let me, but—there now! there you fly out again! *What do I want now?* Why, you must know what's wanted, if you'd any eyes, or any pride for your children, like any other father. What's the matter, and what am I driving at? Oh, nonsense, Caudle! As if you didn't know! I'm sure, if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing; never; it's painful to me, gracious knows! What do you say? *If it's painful, why so often do it?* Ha! I suppose you call that a joke—one of your club jokes? Ha! as I say, I only wish I'd any money of my own. If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for every farthing. It's dreadful!

Now, Caudle, if ever you kept awake, you shall keep awake to-night; yes, you shall hear

me, for it isn't often I speak, and then you may go to sleep as soon as you like. Pray do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day, like nobody elsè's children? What was the matter with them? Oh, Caudle, how can you ask? Poor things! Weren't they all in their thick merinoes, and beaver bonnets? What do you say? *What of it?* What! You'll tell me that you didn't see how the Briggs's girls, in their new chips, turned their noses up at 'em? And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smith's, and then at our poor girls, as much as to say, "Poor sreatures! what figures for the first of May! *You didn't see it?* The more shame for you; you would, if you'd had the feelings of a parent, but I'm sorry to say, you haven't. I'm sure those Briggs's girls, the little minxes! put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew. What do you say? I ought to be ashamed of myself to own it? No, Mr. Caudle; the shame lies with you, that don't let your children appear at church, like other people's children, that makes 'em uncomfortable at their devotions, poor

things! for how can it be otherwise, when they see themselves dressed like nobody else?

Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those children shall not cross over the threshold next Sunday, if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind—they shan't; and there's an end of it. I won't have 'em exposed to the Briggs's and the Browns again; no, they shall know they have a mother, if they've no father to feel for 'em. What do you say, Caudle? A good deal I must think of church, if I think so much of what we go in? I only wish you thought as much as I do, you'd be a better man than you are, Caudle, I can tell you; but that's nothing to do with it. I'm talking about decent clothes for the children for the summer, and you want to put me off with something about the church; but that's so like you, Caudle!

I'm always wanting money for clothes! How can you lie in your bed and say that? I'm sure there's no children in the world that cost their father so little: but that's it; the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may. It's the wives who don't care where the money comes from who're best thought of. Oh, if my time was to come over again, would I mend and stitch,

and make the things go so far as I have done? No—that I wouldn't. Yes, it's very well for you to lie there and laugh; it's easy to laugh, Caudle, very easy, to people who don't feel.

Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you'll give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should. Ed, Caudle, eh? Now, you shan't go to sleep till you've told me. How much money do I want? Why, let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susannah, and Mary Anne, and—What do you say? I needn't count 'em, you know how many there are? Ha! that's just as you take me up. Well, how much money will it take? Let me see; and don't go to sleep. I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things like new pins, I know that, Caudle; and though I say it, bless their little hearts! they do credit to you, Caudle. Any noblemen of the land might be proud of 'em. Now, don't swear at the noblemen of the land, and ask me what they've to with your children; you know what I meant. But you *are* so hasty, Caudle.

How much? Now, don't be in a hurry! Well, I think, with good pinching—and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can—I think, with pinching, I can do with twenty pounds. What did you say? *Twenty fiddlesticks?* What? You won't give half the money? Very well, Mr. Caudle; I don't care: let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals, and then you'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied. You gave me twenty pounds five months ago! What's five months ago to do with now? Besides, what I *have* had is nothing to do with it.

What do you say? *Ten* pounds enough? Yes, just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves. They only want bonnets and frocks? How do you know what they want? *How* should a man know anything at all about it? And you won't give more than ten pounds. Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what *you'll* make of it. I'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you. No, sir: no; you've no cause to say that. I don't want to dress the

children up like countesses! You often throw that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, Caudle; you know it. I only want to give 'em proper notions of themselves: and what, indeed, *can* the poor things think when they see the Briggs's, and the Browns, and the Smiths—and their fathers don't make the money you do, Caudle—when they see them as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody; and to think yourself nobody, depend upon it, Caudle, 'isn't the way to make the world think anything of you.

What do you say? Where did I pick up that? Where do you think? I know a great deal more than you suppose; yes, though you don't give me credit for it. Husbands seldom do. However, the twenty pounds I *will* have, if I've any; or not a farthing.

No, sir, no. I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots! I only want to make 'em respectable; what do you say? You'll give me *fifteen* pounds? No, Caudle, no, not a penny will I take under twenty; if I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money: and I'm sure when I come to think of it, *twenty* pounds will hardly do

Still, if you'll give me twenty ; no, it's no use your offering fifteen, and wanting to go to sleep. You shan't close an eye until you promise the twenty. Come, Caudle, love ! Twenty, then you may go to sleep. Twenty——twenty——twenty——

"My impression is," writes Caudle, in his comments, "that I fell asleep, sticking firmly to the fifteen ; but in the morning Mrs. Caudle assured me as a woman of honor, that she would'nt let me wink an eye, before I promised the twenty ; and man is frail ; and woman is strong ; she had the money."

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

Mr. Caudle has again stayed out late. Mrs. Caudle, at first injured and indignant, melts.

Perhaps, Mr. Caudle, you'll tell me where this is to end! Though, goodness knows, I needn't ask *that*. Out—out—out! Every night—every night! I'm sure, men who can't come home at reasonable hours have no business with wives; they have no right to destroy other people, if they choose to go to destruction themselves. Ha, lord! Oh, dear! I only hope none of my girls will ever marry; I hope they'll none of 'em ever be the slave their poor mother is; they shan't, if I can help it. What do you say? Nothing? Well, I don't wonder at that Mr. Caudle; you ought to be ashamed to speak; I don't wonder that you can't open your mouth. I'm only astonished that at such hours you have the confidence to knock at your own door. Though I'm your wife, I must say it, I do sometimes wonder at your impudence. What do you say? Nothing? Ha! you're an aggravating creature; lying there like the mummy of a man, and never as much as opening your lips to one. just as if your own wife wasn't worth answer-

ing! It isn't so when you're out, I'm sure. Oh, no! then you can talk fast enough; here there's no getting a word from you. But you treat your wife as no other man does, and you know it.

Out—out every night! What? You have not been out this week before? That's nothing at all to do with it. You might just as well be out all the week, as once—just! And I should like to know what could keep you out till these hours? Business? Oh, yes, I dare say! Pretty business a married man and the father of a family must have out of doors at one in the morning. What! I shall drive you mad? Oh, no! you haven't feelings enough to go mad; you'd be a better man, Caudle, if you had.—Will I listen to you? What's the use? Of course, you've some story to put me off with; you can all do that, and laugh at us afterward.

No, Caudle, don't say that. I'm not always trying to find fault—not I. It's you. I never speak but when there's occasion; and what in my time I've put up with, there isn't anybody in the world that knows. Will I hear your story? Oh, you may tell it, if you please; go on; only mind, I shan't believe a word of it. I'm not such

a fool as other women are, I can tell you. There now; don't begin to swear—but go on——

————And that's your story, is it! That's your excuse for the hours you keep! That's your apology for undermining my health and ruining your family! What do you think your children will say of you when they grow up—going and throwing away your money upon good-for-nothing pot-house acquaintance? He's not a pot-house acquaintance? Who is he, then? Come, you haven't told me that; but I know: it's that Prettyman! Yes, to be sure it is! Upon my life! Well, if I've hardly patience to lie in bed! I've wanted a silver teapot these five years, and you must go and throw away as much money as—what! You haven't thrown it away? Haven't you? Then my name's not Margaret, that's all I know!

A man gets arrested, and because he's taken from his wife and family, and locked up, you must go and trouble your head with it! And you must be mixing yourself up with nasty sheriff's officers—pah! I'm sure you're not fit to enter a decent house—and go running from lawyer to lawyer to get bail, and settle the business, as you call it! A pretty settlement you'll

make of it; mark my words! Yes, and to mend the matter, to finish it quite, you must be one of the bail! That any man who isn't a born fool should do such a thing for another! Do you think anybody would do as much for you? Yes? You say yes? Well, I only wish, just to show that I'm right, I only wish you were in a condition to try 'em. You'd find the difference—*that* you would.

What's other people's affairs to you? If you were locked up, depend upon it, there's not a soul would come near you. No; it's all very fine now, when people think there isn't a chance of your being in trouble; but I should only like to see what they'd say to you if *you* were in a sponging-house! Yes, I should enjoy *that*, just to show that I'm always right. What do you say? You think better of the world? Ha! that would be all very well if you could afford it; but you're not in means, I know, to think so well of people as all that; and of course they only laugh at you. "Caudle's an easy fool," they cry; I know it as well as if I heard 'em; "Caudle's an easy fool, anybody may lead him." Yes, anybody but his own wife; and she, of course, is nobody!

And now everybody that's arrested will of course send to you. Yes, Mr. Caudle, you'll have your hands full now, no doubt of it. You'll soon know every sponging-house and every sheriff's officer in London. Your business will have to take care of itself; you'll have enough do to run from lawyer to lawyer after the business of other people. Now, it's no use calling me a dear soul—not a bit! No; and I shan't put it off till to-morrow. It isn't often I speak, but I *will* speak now.

I wish that Prettyman had been at the bottom of the sea before—what? It isn't Prettyman? Ha! It's very well for you to say so; but I know it is; it's just like him. He looks like a a man that's always in debt—that's always in a sponging-house. Anybody might swear it. I knew it from the very first time you brought him here; from the very night he put his nasty dirty wet boots on my bright steel fender. Any woman could see what the fellow was in a minute. Prettyman! A pretty gentleman, truly, to be robbing your wife and family!

Why couldn't you let him stop in the sponging——Now, don't call upon heaven in that way, and ask me to be quiet, for I won't. Why

couldn't you let him stop there? He got himself in; he might have got himself out again. And you must keep me awake, break my sleep, my health, and, for what you care, my peace of mind. Ha! everybody but you can see how I'm breaking. You can do all this, while you're talking with a set of low bailiffs! A great deal you must think of your children, to go into a lawyer's office.

And then you must be bail, you must be bound, for Mr. Prettyman! You may say, bound! Yes, you've your hands nicely tied, now. How he laughs at you; and serves you right! Why, in another week he'll be in the East Indies; of course, he will! And you'll have to pay his debts; yes, your children may go in rags, so that Mr. Prettyman—what do you say? It isn't Prettyman? I know better. Well, if it isn't Prettyman that's kept you out, if it isn't Prettyman you're bailed for, who is it, then? What! My brother? Brother Tom! Oh, Caudle! dear Caudle——

"It was too much for the poor soul," says Caudle; "she sobbed as if her heart would break, and I"——and here the MS. is blotted,

as though Caudle himself had dropped tears as he wrote.

NUMBER SIXTEEN.

Baby is to be Christened: Mrs. Caudle canvasses the merits of the probable Godfathers.

COME, now, love, about baby's name? The dear thing's three months old, and not a name to its back yet. There you go again! Talk of it to-morrow! No; we'll talk of it to-night. There's no having a word with you in the day-time; but here you can't leave me. Now don't say you wish you could, Caudle; that's unkind, and not treating a wife—especially the wife I am to you—as she deserves. It isn't often that I speak; but I *do* believe you'd like never to

hear the sound of my voice. I might as well have been born dumb!

I suppose the baby *must* have a godfather; and so, Caudle, who shall we have? Who do you think will be able to do the most for it? No, Caudle, no; I'm not a selfish woman—nothing of that sort; but I hope I've the feelings of a mother; and what's the use of a godfather, if he gives nothing else to the child but its name? A child might almost as well not be christened at all. And so, who shall we have? What do you say? Anybody? Arn't you ashamed of yourself, Caudle? Don't you think something will happen to you, to talk in that way? I don't know where you pick up such principles. I'm thinking who there is among our acquaintance who can do the most for the blessed creature, and you say, '*Anybody!*' Caudle, you're quite a heathen.

There's Wagstaff. No chance of his ever marrying, and he's very fond of babies. He's plenty of money, Caudle; and I think he might be got. Babies, I know it—babies are his weak side. Wouldn't it be a blessed thing to find our dear child in his will? Why don't you speak? I declare, Caudle, you seem to care no

more for the child, than if it was a stranger's. People who can't love children more than you do, ought never to have 'em. You don't like Wagstaff? No more do I much; but what's that to do with it? People who've their families to provide for, musn't think of their feeling. *I* don't like him; but then I'm a mother, and love my baby! You won't have Wagstaff, and that's flat? Ha, Caudle! you're like nobody else—not fit for this world, you're not.

What do you think of Pugsby? I can't bear his wife; but that's nothing to do with it. *I* know my duty to the babe: I wish that other people did. What do you say? Pugsby's a wicked fellow? Ha! that's like you; always giving people a bad name. We musn't always believe what the world says, Caudle; it doesn't become us as Christians to do it. I only know that he hasn't chick or child; and, besides that, he's very strong interest in the Blue-coats; and so, if Pugsby———Now, don't fly out at the man in that manner. Caudle, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! You can't speak well of anybody. Where *do* you think to go to?

What do you say, then, to Sniggins? Now, don't bounce round in that way, letting the cold

air into the bed! What's the matter with Sniggins? You wouldn't ask him a favor for the world? Well, it's a good thing that baby has somebody to care for it: I will. What do you say? I shan't. I will, I can tell you. Sniggins, besides being a warm man, has good interest in the Customs; and there's nice pickings there, if one only goes the right way to get 'em. It's no use, Caudle, your fidgetting about it, not a bit. I'm not going to have baby lost, sacrificed, I may say, like its brothers and sisters. What do I mean by sacrificed? Oh, you know what I mean very well. What have any of 'em got by their godfathers beyond a half-pint mug, a knife, and fork, and spoon, and a shabby coat, that I know was bought second-hand, for I could almost swear to the place? And then there was your friend Hartley's wife—what did she give to Caroline? Why, a trumpery lace cap it made me blush to look at. What? It was the best she could afford? Then she'd no right to stand for the child. People who can't do better than that have no business to take the responsibility of godmother. They ought to know their duties better.

Well, Caudle, you can't object to Goldman?

Yes, you do? Was there ever such a man? What for? He's a usurer and a hunks? Well, I'm sure, you've no business in this world, Caudle; you have such high-flown notions. Why, isn't the man as rich as the bank? And as for his being a usurer—isn't it all the better for those who come after him? I'm sure it's well there's some people in the world who save money, seeing the stupid creatures who throw it away. But you are the strangest man! I really believe you think money a sin, instead of the greatest blessing; for I can't mention any of our acquaintance that's rich—and I'm sure we don't know too many such people—that you haven't something to say against 'em. It's only beggars that you like; people with not a shilling to bless themselves. Ha! though you're my husband, I must say it—you're a man of low notions, Caudle. I only hope none of the dear boys will take after their father!

And I should like to know what's the objection to Goldman? The only thing against him is his name; I must confess it, I don't like the name of Lazarus: it's low and don't sound genteel; not at all respectable. But, after he's gone and done what's proper for the child, the boy

could easily slip Lazarus into Lawrence. I'm told the thing's done often. No, Caudle, don't say that; I'm not a mean woman; certainly not; quite the reverse. I've only a parent's love for my children; and I must say it—I wish everybody felt as I did.

I suppose, if the truth was known, you'd like your tobacco-pipe friend, your pot-companion, Prettyman, to stand for the child? You'd have no objection? I thought not! Yes; I knew what it was coming to. He's a beggar, he is; and a person who stays out half the night; yes, he does; and it's no use your denying it; a beggar and a tippler, and that's the man you'd man you'd make godfather to your own fiseh and blood! Upon my word, Caudle, it's enough to make a woman get up and dress herself to hear you talk.

Well, I can only tell you, if you won't have Wagstaff, or Pugsby, or Sniggins, or Goldman, or somebody that's respectable, to do what's proper, the child shan't be christened at all. As for Prettyman, or any such raff—no, never! I'm sure there's a certain set of people that poverty's catching from, and that Prettyman's one of 'em. Now, Caudle, I won't have my dear child lost

by any of your spittoon acquaintance, I can tell you.

No; unless I can have *my* way, the child shan't be christened at all. What do you say? It must have a name? There's no 'must' at all in the case; none. No: it shall have no name; and then see what the world will say. I'll call it Number Six; yes, that will do as well as any thing else, unless I've the godfather I like. Number Six Caudle! ha! ha! I think that must make you ashamed of yourself, if anything can. Number Six Caudle; a much better name than Mr. Prettyman could give; yes, Number Six! What do you say? Anything but Number Seven? Oh, Caudle, if ever——

"At this moment," writes Caudle, "baby began to cry; and taking advantage of the happy accident, I somehow got to sleep."

NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

Caudle, in the course of the day, has ventured to question the Economy of "Washing at Home."

POOH! A pretty temper you come to bed in, Mr. Caudle, I can see! Oh, don't deny it; think I ought to know by this time. But it's always the way! whenever I get up a few things, the house can hardly hold you! Nobody cries out more about clean linen than you do—and nobody leads a poor woman so miserable a life, when she tries to make her husband comfortable. Yes, Mr. Caudle, comfortable. You needn't keep chewing the word, as if you could n't swallow it. Was there ever such a woman? No, Caudle; I hope not: I should hope no other wife was ever put upon as I am! It's all very well for you. I can't have have a little wash at home like anybody else, but you must go about the house swearing to yourself, and looking at your wife as if she was your bitterest enemy. But I suppose you'd rather we did n't wash at all. Yes; then you'd be happy! To be sure you would: you'd like to have all the children in their dirt, like potatoes: anything, so that it

didn't disturb you. I wish you'd had a wife who'd never washed; *she'd* have suited you, she would. Yes; a fine lady, who'd have let your children go that you might have scraped 'em. She'd have been much better cared for than I am. I only wish I could let all of you go without clean linen at all; yes, all of you. I wish I could! And if I wasn't a slave to my family, unlike anybody else, I should.

No, Mr. Caudle; the house isn't tossed about in water, as if it was Noah's Ark! And you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk of Noah's Ark in that loose manner. I'm sure I don't know what I've done to be married to a man of such principles. No: and the whole house *doesn't* taste of soap-suds either; and if it did, any other man but yourself would be above naming it. I suppose I don't like washing-day any more than yourself. What do you say? Yes, I do? Ha! you're wrong there, Mr. Caudle. No; I don't like it because it makes everybody else uncomfortable. No: and I ought not to have been born a mermaid, that I might always have been in water. A mermaid, indeed! What next will you call me? But no man, Mr. Caudle, says such things to his wife

as you. However, as I've said before, it can't last long, that's one comfort. What do you say? You're glad of it? You're a brute, Mr. Caudle! No, you *didn't* mean washing: I know what you meant. A pretty speech to a woman who's been the wife to you I have! You'll repent it when it's too late: I wouldn't have your feelings when I'm gone, Caudle, no, not for the Bank of England.

And when we only wash once a fortnight! Ha! I only wish you had some wives: they'd wash once a week! Besides, if once a fortnight's too much for you, why don't you give me money, that we may have things to go a month? Is it *my* fault if we're short? What do you say? My 'once a fortnight' lasts three days? No, it doesn't; never; well, very seldom, and that's the same thing. Can I help it, if the blacks will fly, and the things must be rinsed again? No; I'm *not* made happy by the blacks, and they *don't* prolong my enjoyment; and, more than that, you're an unfeeling man to say so. You're enough to make a woman wish herself in the grave; you are, Caudle.

And a pretty example you set to your sons! Because we'd a little wash to-day, and there

wasn't a hot dinner—and who thinks of getting anything hot for washerwomen?—because you hadn't everything as you always have it, you must swear at the cold mutton—and you don't know what that mutton cost a pound, I dare say—you must swear at a sweet, wholesome joint, like a lord. What! You didn't swear? Yes, it's very well for you to say so; but I know when you're swearing; and you swear when you little think it; and I say you must go on swearing as you did, and seize your hat like a savage, and rush out of the house, and go and take your dinner at a tavern! A pretty wife people must think you have, when they find you dining at a public-house. A nice home they must think you have, Mr. Caudle! What! You'll do so every time I wash? Very well, Mr. Caudle—very well. We'll soon see who's tired of that first; for I'll wash a stocking a day if that's all, sooner than you should have everything as you like. Ha! that's so like you: you'd trample every body under foot, if you could—you know you would, Caudle; so don't deny it!

Now, if you begin to shout in that manner, I'll leave the bed. It's very hard that I can't

say a single word to you, but you must almost raise the place. You didn't shout? I don't know what you call shouting, then! I'm sure the people must hear you in the next house. No —it won't do to call me soft names, now, Caudle: I'm not the fool that I was when I was first married. I know better now. You're to treat me in the manner you have, all day; and then, at night, the only time and place when I can get a word in, you want me to go to sleep. How can you be so mean, Caudle?

What! Why can't I put the washing out? Now, you have asked that a thousand times, but it's no use Caudle; so don't ask it again. I won't put it out. What do you say? Mrs. Prettyman says it's quite as cheap? Pray, what's Mrs. Prettyman to me? I should think, Mr. Caudle, that I knew very well how to take care of my family, without Mrs. Prettyman's advice. Mrs. Prettyman, indeed! I only wish she'd come here, that I might tell her so! Mrs. Prettyman! But, perhaps she'd better come, and take care of your house for you. Oh, yes! I've no doubt she'd do it much better than I do —*much*. No, Caudle! I won't hold my tongue. I think I ought to be mistress of my own washing

by this time—and after the wife I've been to you, it's cruel of you to go on as you do.

Don't tell me about putting the washing out. I say it isn't so cheap: I don't care whether you wash by the dozen or not—it is nt so cheap; I've reduced every thing, and I save at least a shilling a week. What do you say? A trumpery shilling? Ha! I only hope to goodness you'll not come to want, talking of shillings in the way you do. Now, don't begin about your comfort; don't go on aggravating me, and asking me if your comfort's not worth a shilling a week. That's nothing at all to do with it—nothing: but that's your way; when I talk of one thing, you talk of another; that's so like you men, and you know it. Allow me to tell you, Mr. Caudle, that a shilling a week is two pound twelve a year, and take two pound twelve a year for, let us say, thirty years, and—well, you need n't groan, Mr. Caudle; I don't suppose it will be so long; oh, no! you'll have somebody else to look after your washing long before that; and if it was n't for my dear children's sake, I should n't care how soon. You know my mind; and so, good night, Mr. Caudle.

"Thankful for her silence," writes Caudle, "I was fast dropping to sleep; when, nudging my elbow, my wife observed, 'Mind, there's the cold mutton to-morrow; nothing hot till that's gone. Remember, too, as it was a short wash to-day, we wash again on Wednesday.'"

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

Caudle, while walking with his Wife, has been bowed to by a younger and even prettier Woman than Mrs. Caudle.

IF I'm not to leave the house without being insulted, Mr. Caudle, I had better stay within doors all my life.

What! Don't tell me to let you have *one* night's rest! I wonder at your impudence! It's mighty fine, I never can go out with you—and, goodness knows! it's seldom enough—without having my feelings torn to pieces by people of all sorts. A set of bold minxes! What am I raving about? Oh, you know very well; very well, indeed, Mr. Caudle. A pretty person she must be to nod to a man walking with his own wife! Don't tell me it's Miss Prettyman: what's Miss Prettyman to me? Oh! You've met her once or twice at her brother's house? Yes, I dare say you have; no doubt of it. I always thought there was something very tempting about that house, and now I know it all. Now, it's no use, Mr. Caudle, your beginning to talk loud, and twist and toss your arms about, as if you

were as innocent as a born babe: I'm not to be deceived by such tricks now. No; there was a time when I was a fool and believed anything; but—I thank my stars!—I've got over that.

A bold minx! You suppose I didn't see her laugh, too, when she nodded to you! Oh, yes, I knew what she thought me; a poor, miserable creature, of course. I could see that. No; don't say so, Caudle. I *don't* always see more than anybody else; but I can't and won't be blind, however agreeable it might be to you: I must have the use of my senses. I'm sure, if a woman wants attention and respect from a man, she'd better be anything than his wife. I've always thought so; and to-day's decided it!

No, I'm not ashamed of myself to talk so—certainly not. A good, amiable young creature, indeed! Yes, I dare say; very amiable, no doubt. Of course, you think her so. You suppose I didn't see what sort of a bonnet she had on? Oh, a very good creature! And you think I didn't see the smudges of court plaster about her face? You didn't see 'em? Very likely; but I did. Very amiable, to be sure!

What do you say? I made her blush at my ill manners? I should like to have seen her blush! 'Twould have been rather difficult, Mr. Caudle, for a blush to have come through all that paint. No, I'm not a censorious woman, Mr. Caudle; quite the reverse. No; and you may threaten to get up, if you like: I will speak. I know what color is, and I say it *was* paint. I believe, Mr. Caudle, I once had a complexion; though, of course, you've quite forgotten that. I think I once had a color, before your conduct destroyed it. Before I knew you, people used to call me the Lily and Rose; but—what are you laughing at now? I see nothing to laugh at. But, as I say, anybody before your own wife.

And I can't walk out with you, but you're bowed to by every woman you meet! What do I mean by every woman, when it's only Miss Prettyman? That's nothing at all to do with it. How do I know who bows to you when I'm not by? Everybody, of course. And if they don't look at you, why you look at them. Oh! I'm sure you do. You do it even when I'm out with you, and of course you do it when I'm away. Now, don't tell me, Caudle—don't deny it. The fact is, it's become such a dreadful habit with

you, that you don't know when you do it, and when you don't. But I do.

Miss Prettyman, indeed! What do you say? You won't lie still and hear me scandalize that excellent young woman? Oh, of course, you'll take her part! Though, to be sure, she may not be so much to blame, after all. For how is she to know you're married? You're never seen out of doors with your own wife; never. Wherever you go, you go alone. Of course, people think you're a bachelor. What do you say? You well know you're not? That's nothing to do with it. I only ask, what must people think, when I'm never seen with you? Other women go out with their husbands; but, as I've often said, I'm not like any other woman. What are you sneering at, Mr. Caudle? How do I know you're sneering? Don't tell me: I know well enough, by the manner of you.

No, you never take me out, and you know it. No: and it's not my own fault. How can you lie there and say that? No; all a poor excuse! That's what you always say. You're tired of asking me, indeed, because I always start some objection? Of course, I can't go out a figure. And when you ask me to go, you know very well

that my bonnet isn't as it should be; or that my bonnet hasn't come home; or that I can't leave the children; or that something keeps me indoors. You know all this, well enough, before you ask me. And that's your art. And when I *do* go out with you, I'm sure to suffer for it. Yes; you needn't repeat my words. Suffer for it. But you suppose I have no feelings; oh no, nobody has feelings but yourself. Yes: I'd forgot: Miss Prettyman, perhaps. Yes, she may have feelings, of course.

And, as I've said, I dare say a pretty dupe people think me. To be sure; a poor forlorn creature I must look in everybody's eyes. But I knew you couldn't be at Mr. Prettyman's house night after night, till eleven o'clock—and a great deal you thought of me sitting up for you—I knew you couldn't be there without some cause. And now I've found it out! Oh, I don't mind your swearing, Mr. Caudle! It's I, if I wasn't a woman, who ought to swear. But it's like you men. Lords of the creation, as you call yourselves! Lords, indeed! And pretty slaves you make of the poor creatures who're tied to you. But I'll be separated, Caudle; I will; and then I'll take care and let all the world know

how you've used me. What do you say? I may do my worst? Ha! don't you tempt any woman in that way—don't, Caudle; for I would n't answer for what I said.

Miss Prettyman, indeed, and—oh yes! now I see! Now the whole light breaks in upon me! Now, I know why you wished me to ask her with Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman to tea! And I, like a poor blind fool, was nearly doing it. But now, as I say, my eyes are open! And you'd have brought her under my own roof—now, it's no use your bouncing about in that fashion—you'd have brought her into the very house, where—

"Here," says Caudle, "I could endure it no longer. So I jumped out of bed, and went and slept somehow with the children."

NUMBER NINETEEN.

Mrs. Caudle thinks "It would look well to keep their Wedding-Day."

CAUDLE, love, do you know what next Sunday is? No! you don't? Well, was there ever such a strange man! Can't you guess, darling? Next Sunday, dear? Think, love, a minute—just think. What! and you don't know now? Ha! if I hadn't a better memory than you, I don't know how we should ever get on. Well, then, pet, shall I tell you what next Sunday is? Why, then, it's our wedding-day——what are you groaning at, Mr. Caudle? I don't see anything to groan at. If anybody should groan, I'm sure it isn't you. No: I rather think it's *I* who ought to groan!

Oh, dear! That's fourteen years ago. You were a very different man then, Mr. Caudle. What do you say? I was a very different woman? Not at all; just the same. Oh, you needn't roll your head about on the pillow in that way: I say, just the same. Well, then if I'm altered, whose fault is it? Not mine, I'm sure; certainly not. Don't tell me that I

couldn't talk at all then: I could talk just as well then as I can now; only then I hadn't the same cause. It's you who've made me talk. What do you say? You're very sorry for it? Caudle, you do nothing but insult me.

Ha! you were a good-tempered, nice creature, fourteen years ago, and would have done anything for me. Yes, yes, if a woman would be always cared for, she should never marry. There's quite an end of the charm when she goes to church! We're all angels while you're courting us; but once married, how soon you pull our wings off! No, Mr. Caudle, I'm not talking nonsense; but the truth is, you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. Nobody ever tells me that I talk nonsense but you. Now, it's no use your turning and turning about in that way, it's not a bit of——what do you say? You'll get up? No you won't, Mr. Caudle: you'll not serve me that trick again; for I've locked the door, and hid the key. There's no getting hold of you all the daytime; but here you can't leave me. You needn't groan again, Mr. Caudle.

Now, Caudle, dear, do let us talk comfortably. After all, love, there's a good many folks who,

I dare say, don't get on half so well as we've done. We've both our little tempers, perhaps; but *you* are aggravating: you must own that, Caudle. Well, never mind; we won't talk of it; I won't scold you now. We'll talk of next Sunday, love: we never have kept our wedding day, and I think it would be a nice day to have our friends. What do you say? They'd think it hypocrisy? No hypocrisy at all. I'm sure I try to be comfortable; and if ever man was happy, *you* ought to be. No, Caudle, no; it isn't nonsense to keep wedding-days; it isn't a deception on the world; and, if it is, how many people do it! I'm sure, it's only a proper compliment a man owes to his wife. Look at the Winkles; don't they give a dinner every year? Well, I know, and if they do fight a little in the course of the twelvemonths, that's nothing to do with it. They keep their wedding-day, and their acquaintance have nothing to do with anything else.

As I say, Caudle, it's only a proper compliment that a man owes to his wife to keep his wedding-day. It's as much as to say to the whole world—'There! if I had to marry again, my blessed wife's the only woman I'd choose!'

I see nothing to groan at, Mr. Caudle; no, or to sigh at, either; but I know what you mean: I'm sure, what would have become of you, if you hadn't married as you have done? Why, you'd have been a lost creature! I know it; I know your habits, Caudle; and—I don't like to say it—but you'd have been little better than a ragamuffin. Nice scrapes you'd have got into, I know, if you hadn't had me for a wife. The trouble I've had to keep you respectable—and what's my thanks? Ha! I only wish you'd had some women!

But we won't quarrel, Caudle. No; you don't mean anything, I know. We'll have this little dinner, eh? Just a few friends? Now, don't say you don't care—that isn't the way to speak to a wife; and especially the wife I've been to you, Caudle. Well, you agree to the dinner, eh? Now don't grunt, Mr. Caudle, but speak out. You'll keep your wedding-day? What? If I'll let you go to sleep! Ha, that's unmanly, Caudle; can't you say 'Yes,' without anything else? I say, can't you say 'yes'? There, bless you! I knew you would.

And now, Caudle, what shall we have for dinner? No, we won't talk of it to-morrow;

we'll talk of it now, and then it will be off my mind. I should like something particular—something out of the way—just to show that we thought the day something. I should like—— Mr. Caudle, you're not asleep? What do I want? Why, you know I want to settle about the dinner. Have what I like? No: as it's your fancy to keep the day, it's only right that I should try to please you. We never had one, Caudle; so what do you think of a haunch of venison? What do you say? Nonsense; mutton will do? Ha! that shows what you think of your wife: I dare say, if it was with any of your club friends—any of your pot-house companions—you'd have no objection to venison. I say if——what do you mutter? Let it be venison? Very well. And now, about the fish? What do you think of a nice turbot? No, Mr. Caudle; brill won't do. It shall be turbot, or there shan't be any fish at all. Oh, what a mean man you are, Caudle! Shall it be turbot? It shall? Very well. And now about the soup. Now, Caudle, don't swear at the soup in that manner. You know there must be soup. Well, once in a way, and just to show our friends how happy we've been, we'll have some real

turtle. No, you won't, you'll have nothing but mock? Then, Mr. Caudle, you may sit at the table by yourself. Mock-turtle on a wedding-day! Was there ever such an insult? What do you say? Let it be real, then, for once? Ha, Caudle! as I say, you were a very different person fourteen years ago.

And, Caudle, you'll look after venison?—There's a place, I know, somewhere in the city, where you get it beautiful! You'll look to it? You will? Very well.

And now, who shall we invite? Who I like? Now, you know, Caudle, that's nonsense; because only like whom you like. I suppose the Prettymans must come? But understand, Caudle, I don't have Miss Prettyman. I'm not going to have my peace of mind destroyed under my own roof! If she comes, I don't appear at the table. What do you say? Very well? Very well be it, then.

And now, Caudle, you'll not forget the venison? A haunch, you know; a nice haunch. And you'll not forget the venison?———

"Three times did I fall off to sleep," says Caudle, "and three times did my wife nudge

me with her elbow, exclaiming, 'You'll not forget the venison?' At last I got into a sound slumber, and dreamt I was a pot of currant-jelly."

NUMBER TWENTY.

"Brother" Caudle has been to a Masonic Charitable Dinner. Mrs. Caudle has hidden the "Brother's" Check-Book.

BUT all I say is this: I only wish I'd been born a man. What do you say? You wish I had? Mr. Caudle, I'll not lie quiet in my own bed to be insulted. Oh, yes, you *did* mean to insult me. I know what you mean. You mean, if I *had* been born a man, you'd never

have married me. That's a pretty sentiment, I think; and after the wife I've been to you.—And now I suppose you'll be going to public dinners every day! It's no use your telling me you've only been to one before; that's nothing to do with it—nothing at all. I knew what it would come to when you were made a mason: when you were once made a 'brother,' as you call yourself, I knew where the husband and father would be: I'm sure, Caudle, and though I'm your own wife I grieve to say it—I'm sure you haven't so much heart, that you have any to spare for people out of doors. Indeed, I should like to see the man who has! No, no, Caudle; I'm by no means a selfish woman—quite the contrary; I love my fellow-creatures as a wife and mother of a family, who has only to look to her own husband and children, ought to love 'em.

A 'brother,' indeed! What would you say, if I was to go and be made a 'sister'? Why, I know very well—the house wouldn't hold you.

Where's your watch? How should I know where your watch is? You ought to know. But, to be sure, people who go to public dinners never know where any thing is when they come

home. You've lost it, no doubt; and 'twill serve you quite right if you have. If it should be gone—and nothing more likely—I wonder if any of your 'brothers' will give you another? Catch 'em doing it.

You must find your watch? And you'll get up for it? Nonsense; don't be foolish; lie still. Your watch is on the mantel-piece! Ha! isn't it a good thing for you, you've somebody to take care of it?

What do you say? I'm a dear creature? Very dear, indeed, you think me, I dare say. But the fact is, you don't know what you're talking about to-night. I'm a fool to open my lips to you—but I can't help it.

Where's your watch? Haven't I told you—on the mantel-piece? All right, indeed! Pretty conduct you men call all right. There, now, hold your tongue, Mr. Caudle, and go to sleep: I'm sure 'tis the best thing you can do to-night. You'll be able to listen to reason to-morrow morning; now, it's thrown away upon you.

Where's your check-book? Never mind your check-book. I took care of that. What business had I to take it out of your pocket? Every business. No, no. If you choose to go

to public dinners, why—as I'm only your wife —I can't help it. But I know what fools men are made of there; and, if I know it, you never take your check-book again with you. What! Didn't I see your name down last-year for ten pounds? 'Job Caudle, Esq., 10*l*.' It looked very well in the newspapers, of course: and you thought yourself a somebody, when they knocked the tavern tables; but I only wish I'd been there—yes, I only wish I'd been in the gallery. If I wouldn't have told a piece of my mind, I'm not alive. Ten pounds, indeed! And the world thinks you a very fine person for it. I only wish I could bring the world here, and show 'em what's wanted at home. I think the world would alter their mind then; yes, a little.

What do you say? A wife has no right to pick her husband's pocket? A pretty husband you are, to talk in that way. Never mind: you can't prosecute her for it, or I've no doubt you would; none at all. Some men would do anything. What? You've a bit of a headache? I hope you have—and a good bit, too! You've been to the right place for it. No, I won't hold my tongue. It's all very well for you men to go to taverns—and talk—and toast—and hurra

—and—I wonder you're not ashamed of yourselves to drink the Queen's health with all the honors, I believe you call it—yes, pretty honors you pay to the sex—I say, I wonder you're not ashamed to drink that blessed creature's health, when you've only to think how you use your own wives at home. But the hypocrites that the men are——oh!

Where's your watch? Haven't I told you? It's under your pillow; there, you needn't be feeling for it. I tell you it's under your pillow. It's all right? Yes; a great deal you know of what's right just now. Ha! was there ever any poor soul used as I am! I'm a dear creature? Pah! Mr. Caudle! I've only to say, I'm tired of your conduct—quite tired, and don't care how soon there's an end to it.

Why did I take your check-book? I've told you—to save you from ruin, Mr. Caudle. You 're not going to be ruined? Ha! you don't know anything when you're out! I know what they do at those public dinners—charities, they call 'em; pretty charities. Charity, I believe, always dines at home. I know what they do—the whole system's a trick. No, I'm not a stony-hearted creature; and you ought to be

ashamed to say so of your wife and the mother of your children; but you'll not make me cry to-night, I can tell you; I was going to say that ——Oh! you're such an aggravating man, I don't know what I was going to say!

Thank heaven? What for? I don't see that there's anything to thank heaven about! I was going to say, I know the trick of public dinners. They get a lord, or a duke, if they can catch him—anything to make people say they've dined with nobility, that's it; yes, they get one of these people, with a star perhaps in his coat, to take the chair, and to talk all sorts of sugar-plum things about charity, and to make foolish men, with wine in 'em, feel that they've no end of money; and then, shutting their eyes to their wives and families at home—all the while that their own faces are red and flushed like poppies, and they think to-morrow will never come—then they get 'em to put their hand to paper. Then they make 'em pull out their checks. But I took your book, Mr. Caudle; you couldn't do it a second time. What are you laughing at? Nothing? It's no matter. I shall see in the paper to-morrow: for if you gave anything, you were too proud to hide it. I know *your* charity.

Where's your watch? Haven't I told you fifty times where it is? In the pocket, over your head, of course! Can't you hear it tick? No, you can hear nothing to-night!

And now, Mr. Caudle, I should like to know whose hat it is you've brought home? You went out with a beaver worth three-and-twenty shillings—the second time you've worn it—and you bring home a thing that no Jew in his senses would give me fivepence for. I couldn't even get a pot of primroses—you know I always turn your old hats into roots—not a pot of primroses for it. I'm certain of it now—I've often thought it; but now I'm sure that some people dine out only to change their hats.

Where's your watch? Caudle, you're bringing me to an early grave!

We hope that Caudle was penitent for his conduct; indeed, there is, we think, evidence that he was so: for this is the only lecture to which he has appended no comment. The man had not the face to do it.

NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

Mr. Caudle has not acted "like a husband" at the Wedding-Dinner.

AH me! It's no use wishing—none at all: but I do wish yesterday fourteen years could come back again. Little did I think, Mr. Caudle, when you brought me home from church, your lawful wedded wife—little, I say, did I think that I should keep my wedding-dinner in the manner I have done to-day. Fourteen years ago! Yes, I see you now in your blue coat with bright buttons, and your white watered satin waistcoat, and a moss rosebud in your button-hole, which you said was like me. What? You never talked such nonsense? Ha! Mr. Caudle, you don't know what you talked that day; but I do. Yes; and you then sat at the table as if your face, as I may say, was buttered with happiness, and——what? No, Mr. Caudle, don't say that: I have have not wiped the butter off—not I. If you, above all men, are not happy, you ought to be, gracious knows!

Yes, I *will* talk of fourteen years ago. Ha! you sat beside me then, and picked out all sorts

of nice things for me. You'd have given me pearls and diamonds to eat, if I could have swallowed 'em. Yes, I say, you sat beside me, and ——what do you talk about? You couldn't sit beside me to-day! That's nothing at all to do with it. But it's so like you. I can't speak but you fly off to something else. Ha! and when the health of the young couple was drunk, what a speech you made then! It was delicious! How you made everybody cry, as if their hearts were breaking; and I recollect it as if it was yesterday, how the tears ran down dear father's nose, and how mother nearly went into a fit! Dear souls! They little thought, with all your fine talk, how you'd use me? How have you used me? Oh, Mr. Caudle, how can you ask that question? It's well for you I can't see you blush! *How* have you used me!

Well, that the same tongue could make a speech like that, and then talk as it did to-day! How did you talk? Why, shamefully. What did you say about your wedded happiness?—Why, nothing. What did you say about your wife? Worse than nothing: just as if she was a bargain you were sorry for, but were obliged to make the best of. What did you say? And

bad's the best? If you say that again, Caudle, I'll rise from my bed. You didn't say it? What then, did you say? Something very like it, I know. Yes, a pretty speech of thanks for a husband! And everybody could see that you didn't care a pin for me; and that's why you had 'em here; that's why you invited 'em—to insult me to their faces! What? I made you invite 'em? Oh, Caudle, what an aggravating man you are!

I suppose you'll say next I made you invite Miss Prettyman? Oh yes; don't tell me that her brother brought her without your knowing it. What? Didn't I hear him say so? Of course I did; but do you suppose I'm quite a fool? Do you think I don't know that that was all settled between you? And she must be a nice person, to come unasked to a woman's house. But I know why she came. Oh yes; she came to look about her. What do I mean? Oh, the meaning's plain enough. She came to see how she should like the rooms; how she should like my seat at the fire-place; how she —and if it isn't enough to break a mother's heart to be treated so!—how she should like my dear children.

Now, it's no use your bouncing about at—— but of course that's it: I can't mention Miss Prettyman, but you fling about as if you were in a fit. Of course that shows that there's something in it. Otherwise, why should you disturb yourself? Do you think I didn't see her looking at the cyphers on the spoons, as if she already saw mine scratched out and hers there? No, I shan't drive you mad, Mr. Caudle; and, if I do, it's your own fault. No other man would treat the wife of his bosom in——what do you say? You might as well have married a hedgehog? Well, now it's come to something! But it's always the case! Whenever you've seen that Miss Prettyman, I'm sure to be abused. A hedgehog! A pretty thing for a woman to be called by her husband! Now, you don't think I'll lie quietly in bed, and be called a hedgehog, do you, Mr. Caudle?

Well, I only hope Miss Prettyman had a good dinner, that's all. *I* had none! You know I had none: how was I to get any? You know that the only part of the turkey I care for is the merry-thought. And that, of course, went to Miss Prettyman. Oh, I saw you laugh when you put it on her plate! And you don't sup-

pose, after such an insult as that, I'd taste another thing upon the table? No, I should hope I have more spirit than that. Yes; and you took wine with her four times. What do you say? Only twice? Oh, you were so lost—fascinated, Mr. Caudle; yes, fascinated—that you didn't know what you did. However, I do think, while I'm alive I might be treated with respect at my own table. I say, while I'm alive; for I know I shan't last long, and then Miss Prettyman may come and take it all. I'm wasting daily, and no wonder. I never say anything about it, but every week my gowns are taken in.

I've lived to learn something, to be sure! Miss Prettyman turned up her nose at my custards. It isn't sufficient that you're always finding fault yourself, but you must bring women home to sneer at me at my own table. What do you say? She didn't turn up her nose? I know she did; not but what it's needless; Providence has turned it up enough already. And she must give herself airs over my custards! Oh, I saw her mincing with the spoon, as if she was chewing sand. What do you say? She

praised my plum-pudding Who asked her to praise it Like her impudence, I think.

Yes, a pretty day I've passed. I shall not forget this wedding-day, I think! And as I say a pretty speech you made in the way of thanks. No, Caudle, if I was to live a hundred years—you needn't groan, Mr. Caudle, I shall not trouble you half that time; if I was to live a hundred years, I should never forget it. Never! You didn't even so much as bring one of your children into your speech. And—dear creatures!—what have *they* done to offend you? No; I shall not drive you mad. It's you, Mr. Caudle, who'll drive me mad. Everybody says so.

And you suppose I didn't see how it was managed, that you and *that* Miss Prettyman were always partners at whist? How was it managed? Why, plain enough. Of course, you packed the cards, and could cut what you liked. You'd settled between you. Yes; and when she played a trick, instead of leading off a trump—*she* play whist, indeed!—what did you say to her, when she found it was wrong? Oh—it was impossible that *her* heart should mistake! And this, Mr. Caudle, before people—with your own wife in the room!

And Miss Prettyman——I won't hold my tongue. I *will* talk of Miss Prettyman: who's she, indeed, that I shouldn't talk of her? I suppose you think she sings? What do say? She sings like a mermaid? Yes, very, very like a mermaid; for she never sings, but she exposes herself. She might, I think, have chosen another song. "*I love somebody,*" indeed; as if I didn't know who was meant by that 'somebody;' and all the room knew it, of course; and that was what it was done for—nothing else.

However, Mr. Caudle, as my mind's made up, I shall say no more about the matter to-night, but try to go to sleep.

"And to my astonishment and gratitude," writes Caudle, "she kept her word."

NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.

Caudle comes home in the evening, as Mrs. Caudle has "just stepped out, shopping." On her return, at ten, Caudle remonstrates.

MR. CAUDLE, you ought to have had a slave —yes, a black slave, and not a wife. I'm sure, I'd better have been born a negro at once —much better. What's the matter now? Well, I like that. Upon my life, Mr. Caudle, that's cool. I can't leave the house just to buy a yard of ribin, but you must storm enough to carry the roof off. You didn't storm? You only spoke? Spoke, indeed! No, sir: I've not such superfine feelings; and I don't cry out before I'm hurt. But you ought to have married a woman of stone, for you feel for nobody: that is, for nobody in your own house. I only wished you'd show some of your humanity at home, if ever so little—that's all.

What do you say? Where's my feelings, to go shopping at night? When would you have me go? In the broiling sun, making my face like a gipsy's? I don't see anything to laugh at, Mr. Caudle; but you think of anybody's face

before your wife's. Oh, that's plain enough; and all the world can see it. I dare say, now, if it was Miss Prettyman's face——now, now, Mr. Caudle! what are you throwing yourself about for? I suppose Miss Prettyman isn't so wonderful a person that she isn't to be named! I suppose she's flesh and blood. *What!* You don't know? Ha! I dare say.

What, Mr. Caudle! You'll have a separate room? You'll not be tormented in this way? No, you won't, sir—not while I'm alive. A separate room! And you call yourself a religious man, Mr. Caudle! I'd advise you to take down the Prayer Book and read over the Marriage Service. A separate room, indeed! Caudle, you're getting quite a heathen. A separate room! Well, the servants would talk then! But no: no man—not the best that ever trod, Caudle—should ever make me look so contemptible.

I *shan't* go to sleep! and you ought to know me better than to ask me to hold my tongue. Because you come home when I've just stepped out to do a little shopping, you're worse than a fury. I should like to know how many hours I sit up for you! What do you say? Nobody

wants me to set up? Ha! that's like the gratitude of men—just like 'em! But a poor woman can't leave the house, that——what? / Why can't I go at reasonable hours? Reasonable! What do you call eight o'clock? If I went out at eleven and twelve, as you come home, then you might talk; but seven or eight o'clock—why, it's the cool of the evening; the nicest time to enjoy a walk; and, as I say, do a little bit of shopping. / Oh yes, Mr. Caudle; I do think of the people that are kept in the shops, just as much as you; but that's nothing at all to do with it. I know what you'd have. You'd have all those young men let away early from the counter to improve what you please to call their minds. Pretty notions you pick up among a set of free-thinkers, and I don't know what! When I was a girl, people never talked of minds—intellect, I believe you call it. Nonsense! a new-fangled thing, just come up; and the sooner it goes out, the better.

Don't tell me! What are shops for, if they're not to be open late and early, too? And what are shopmen, if they're not always to attend upon their customers? People pay for what they have, I suppose; and aint to be told when they

shall come and lay their money out, and when they shan't! Thank goodness! if one shop shuts, another keeps open; and I always think it a duty I owe to myself to go to the shop that's open last: it's the only way to punish the shopkeepers that are idle, and give themselves airs about early hours.

Besides, there's some things I like to buy best at candle-light. Oh, don't talk to me about humanity! Humanity, indeed, for a pack of tall strapping fellows—some of 'em big enough to be show for giants! And what have they to do? Why, nothing, but to stand behind a counter, and talk civility. Yes, I know your notions. You say that everybody works too much: I know that. You'd have all the world do nothing half its time, but twiddle its thumbs, or walk in the parks, or go to picture galleries, and museums, and such nonsense. Very fine, indeed; but, thank goodness! the world isn't come to that pass yet.

What do you say I am, Mr. Caudle? A foolish woman, that can't look beyond my own fireside? O, yes, I can; quite as far as you, and a great deal farther. But I can't go out shopping a little with my dear friend Mrs. Whittles—— what do you laugh at? Oh, don't they? Don't

women know what friendship is? Upon my life, you've a nice opinion of us! Oh, yes, we *can;* we can look outside of our fenders, Mr. Caudle. And if we can't, it's all the better for our families. A blessed thing it would be for their wives and children, if *men* couldn't either. You wouldn't have lent that five pounds; and I dare say a good many other five pounds that I know nothing of—if you—a lord of the creation!—had half the sense women have. You seldom catch us, I believe, lending five pounds. I should think not.

No: we won't talk of it to-morrow morning. You're not going to wound my feelings when I come home, and think I'm not to say nothing about it. You have called me an inhuman person; you have said I have no thought, no feeling for the health and comfort of my fellow-creatures: I don't know what you haven't called me; and only for buying a——but I shan't tell you what; no, I won't satisfy you there; but you've abused me in this manner, and only for shopping up to ten o'clock. You've a great deal of fine compassion, you have! I'm sure the young man that served me could have knocked down an ox; yes, strong enough to lift a house; but you can pity him; oh yes, you can be all kindness for

him, and for the world, as you call it. Oh, Caudle, what a hypocrite you are! I only wish the world knew how you treated your poor wife!

What do you say? For the love of mercy, let you sleep? Mercy, indeed! I wish you could show a little of it to other people. O yes, I do know what mercy means; but that's no reason I should go shopping a bit earlier than I do—and I won't. No; you've preached this over to me again and again; you've made me go to meetings to hear all about it; but that's no reason women shouldn't shop just as late as they choose. It's all very fine, as I say, for you men to talk to us at meetings, where, of course, we smile, and all that—and sometimes shake our white pocket-handkerchiefs—and where you say we have the power of early hours in our own hands. To be sure we have; and we mean to keep it. That is, I do. You'll never catch me shopping until the very last thing; and, as a matter of principle, I'll always go to the shop that keeps open latest. It does the young men good to keep 'em close to business. Improve their minds, indeed! Let 'em out at seven, and they'd improve nothing but their billiards. Besides, if they want to improve themselves, can't they get up, this fine

weather, at three? Where there's a will, there's a way, Mr. Caudle.

"I thought," writes Caudle, "that she had gone to sleep. In this hope I was dozing off, when she nudged me, and thus declared herself: 'Caudle, you want nightcaps; but see if I budge to buy 'em till nine at night!'"

NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.

Mrs. Caudle "wishes to know if they're going to the sea-side, or not, this summer—that's all."

HOT? Yes, it is hot. I'm sure one might as well be in an oven as in town this weather. You seem to forget it's July, Mr. Caudle. I've been waiting quietly, have never spoken; yet not a word have you said of the sea-side yet. Not that I care for it myself, oh no; my health is not of the slightest consequence. And, indeed, I was going to say—but I won't—that the sooner I'm out of this world, perhaps, the better. Oh, yes; I dare say you think so, of course you do, else you wouldn't lie there saying nothing. You are enough to aggravate a saint, Caudle; but you shan't vex me. No; I've made up my mind, and never intend to let you vex me again. Why should I worry myself?

But all I want to ask you is this; do you intend to go to the sea-side this summer? *Yes; You'll go to Gravesend?* Then you'll go alone, that's all I know. Gravesend! You might as well empty a salt-cellar in the New River, and call that the sea-side. *What?* It's handy for business? There you are again! I can never

speak of taking a little enjoyment, but you fling business in my teeth. I'm sure you never let business stand in the way of your own pleasures, Mr. Caudle, not you. It would be all the better for your family if you did.

You know that Matilda wants sea-bathing; you know it, or you ought to know it, by the looks of the child, and yet—I know you, Caudle, you'd have let the summer pass over, and never said a word about the matter. *What do you say?* Margate's so expensive? Not at all. I'm sure it will be cheaper for us in the end; for if we don't go, we shall all be ill, every one of us, in winter. Not that my health is of any consequence; I know that well enough. It never was yet. You know Margate's the only place I can eat a breakfast at, and yet you talk of Gravesend! But what's my eating to you? You wouldn't care if I never eat at all. You never watch my appetite like any other husband, otherwise you'd have seen what it's come to.

What do you say? How much will it cost? There you are, Mr. Caudle, with your meanness again. When you want to go yourself to Blackwell or to Greenwich, you never ask, how much will it cost? *What?* You never go to Black-

well? Ha! I don't know that; and if you don't, that's nothing at all to do with it. Yes, *you* can give a guinea a plate for whitebait for yourself. No, sir; I'm not a foolish woman; and I know very well what I'm talking about—nobody better. A guinea for whitebait for yourself, when you grudge a pint of shrimps for your poor family. Eh! You don't grudge 'em anything? Yes, it's very well for you to lie there and say so. *What will it cost?* It's no matter what it will cost, for we won't go at all now. No; we'll stay at home. We shall be ill in winter, every one of us, all but *you;* and nothing ever makes you ill. I've no doubt we shall all be laid up, and there'll be a doctor's bill as long as a railroad; but never mind that. It's better—much better—to pay for nasty physic, than for fresh air and wholesome salt water. Don't call me "woman," and ask "what it will cost! I tell you, if you were to lay the money down before me on that quilt, I wouldn't go now, certainly not. It's better we should all be sick; yes, then you'll be pleased.

That's right, Mr. Caudle, go to sleep. It's like your unfeeling self! I'm talking of our all being laid up; and *you*, like any unfeeling stone,

turn round and begin to go to sleep. Well, I think that's a pretty insult! How can you sleep with such a splinter in your flesh? I suppose *you* mean to call me a splinter! And after the wife I've been to you. But no, Mr. Caudle, you may call me what you please; you'll not make me cry now. No, no, I don't throw away my tears upon any such person now. *What?* Don't? Ha! that's your gratitude! But none of you men deserve that any woman should love you. My poor heart!

Everybody else can go out of town except us. Ha! if I'd only married SIMMONS—*What? Why didn't I?* Yes, that's all the thanks I get. *Who's Simmons?* Oh, you know very well who Simmons is. He'd have treated me a little better, I think, He *was* a gentleman. You can't tell. May be not: but I can. In such weather as this, to stay melting in London! and when the painters are coming in! You won't have the painters in? But you must; and if they once come in, I'm determined that none of us shall stir then. Painting in July with a family in the house! We shall all be poisoned, of course; but what do you care for that?

Why can't I tell you what it will cost? How

can I or any woman tell exactly what it will cost? Of course, lodgings—and at Margate, too—are a little dearer than living in your own house. Pooh! You know that? If you did Mr. Caudle, I hope there's no treason in naming it. Still, if you take 'em for two months, they're cheaper than for one. No, Mr. Caudle, I shall not be quite tired of it in one month. No; and it isn't true that I no sooner get out of town than I want to get home again. To be sure, I was tired of Margate three years ago, when you used to leave me to walk about the beach by myself, to be stared at through all ssorts of telescopes. But you don't do that again, Mr. Caudle, I can tell you.

What will I do at Margate? Why, isn't there bathing, and pincking up shells; and arn't there the packets, with the donkeys; and the last new novel; whatever it is, to read—for the only place where I really relish a book is at the sea-side. No, it isn't that I like salt with my reading, Mr. Caudle! I suppose you call that a joke? You might keep your jokes for the day-time, I think. But as I was saying, only you will always will interrupt me, the ocean always seems to me to open the mind. I see nothing to laugh

at; but you always laugh when I say anything. Sometimes at the sea-side, especially when the tide's down, I feel so happy; quite as if I could cry.

When shall I get the things ready? For next Sunday? What will it cost? Oh, there, don't talk of it. No; we won't go. I shall send for the painters, to-morrow. *What?* I can go and take the children, and you'll stay? No, sir, you go with me or I don't stir. I'm not going to be turned loose like a hen with chickens, and nobody to protect me. So we'll go on Monday? Eh?

What will it cost? What a man you are! Now, Caudle, I've been reckoning that, with buff slippers and all, we can't well do it under seventy pounds. No; I won't take away the slippers, and say fifty; it's seventy pounds, and no less. Of course, what's over will be so much saved. Caudle, what a man you are! Well, shall we go on Monday? *What do you say?* You'll see? There's a dear. Then Monday.

"Anything for a chance of peace," writes Caudle; "I consented to the trip, for I thought I might sleep better in a change of bed."

NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR.

Mrs. Caudle dwells on Caudle's "cruel neglect" of her on board the "Red Rover." Mrs. Caudle so "ill with the sea," that they put up at the Dolphin, Herne Bay.

CAUDLE, have you looked under the bed? What for? Bless the man! Why, for thieves, to be sure. Do you suppose I'd sleep in a strange bed without? Don't tell me it's nonsense! I shouldn't sleep a wink all night. Not that you'd care for that; not that you'd——— hush! I'm sure I hear somebody. No; it's not a bit like a mouse. Yes, that's like you; laugh! It would be no laughing matter, if——I'm sure there *is* somebody! I'm *sure* there is!

———Yes, Mr. Caudle; now I *am* satisfied. Any other man would have got up and looked himself; especially after my suffering on board that nasty ship. But catch you stirring! Oh, no! You'd let me lie here and be robbed and killed, for what you'd care. Why, you're not going to sleep! What do you say? It's the strange air; and you're always sleepy in a strange air? That shows the feelings you have,

after what I've gone through. And yawning, too, in that brutal manner! Caudle, you've no more heart than that wooden figure in a white petticoat at the front of the ship.

No, I *couldn't* leave my temper at home. I dare say! Because for once in your life you've brought me out—yes, I say once, or two or three times, it isn't more; because, as I say you once bring me out, I'm to be a slave and say nothing. Pleasure, indeed! A great deal of pleasure I'm to have, if I'm to hold my tongue. A nice way that of pleasing a woman!

Dear me! if the bed doesn't spin round and dance about! I've got all that filthy ship in my head! No, I shan't be well in the morning. But nothing ever avails anybody but yourself. You needn't groan in that way, Mr. Caudle, disturbing the people, perhaps, in the next room. It's a mercy I'm alive, I'm sure. If once I wouldn't have given all the world for anybody to have thrown me overboard! What are you smacking your lips at, Mr. Caudle? But I know what you mean; of course, you'd never have stirred to stop 'em, not you. And then, you might have known that the wind would have blown to-day. But that's why you come.

Whatever I should have done, if it hadn't been for that good soul—that blessed Captain Large! I'm sure all the women who go to Margate ought to pray for him; so attentive in sea-sickness, and so much of a gentleman! How I should have got down stairs without him, when I first began to turn, I don't know. Don't tell me I never complained to you; you might have seen I was ill. And when everybody was looking like a bad wax-candle, you could walk about, and make what you call your jokes upon the little buoy that was never sick at the Nore, and such unfeeling trash.

Yes, Caudle, we've now been married many years, but if we were to live together for a thousand years to come——what are you clasping your hands at?—a thousand years to come, I say, I shall never forget your conduct this day. You could go to the other end of the ship and smoke a cigar, when you knew I should be ill—oh, you knew it; for I always am. The brutal way, too, in which you took that cold brandy-and-water; you thought I din't see you; but, ill as I was, hardly able to hold my head up, I was watching you all the time. Three glasses of cold brandy-and-water; and you sipped 'em,

and drank the health of people you didn't care a pin about, whilst the health of your own lawful wife was nothing. Three glasses of brandy-and-water, and I left—as I may say—alone! You didn't hear 'em, but everybody was crying shame of you.

What do you say? A good deal my own fault? I took too much dinner? Well, you are a man! If I took more that the breast and the leg of that young goose—a thing, I may say, just out of the shell—with the slightest bit of stuffing, I'm a wicked woman. What do you say?—Lobster salad! La! how can you speak of it? A month-old baby would have eaten more. *What?* Gooseberry pie! Well, if you'll name that, you'll name anything. Ate too much, indeed! Do you think I was going to pay for a dinner, and eat nothing? No, Mr. Caudle; it's a good thing for you that I know a little more of the value of money than that.

But, of course, you were better engaged than attending to me. Mr. Prettyman came on board at Gravesend. A planned thing, of course. You think I didn't see him give you a letter. It wasn't a letter; it was a newspaper? I dare say; ill as I was, I had my eyes. It was the

smallest newspaper I ever saw, that's all. But, of course, a letter from Miss Prettyman——— Now, Caudle, if you begin to cry out in that manner, I'll get up. Do you forget that you're not at your own house? making that noise! Disturbing everybody! why, we shall have the landlord up! And you could smoke and drink, "forward," as you called it. *What?* You couldn't smoke anywhere else? That's nothing to do with it. Yes, forward. What a pity that Miss Prettyman wasn't with you. I'm sure nothing could be too forward for her. No, I won't hold my tongue; and I ought not to be ashamed of myself. It isn't treason, is it, to speak of Miss Prettyman? After all I've suffered to-day, and I'm not to open my lips! Yes, I'm to be brought away from my own house, dragged down here to the sea-side, and made ill; and I'm not to speak. I should like to know what next.

It's a mercy that some of the dear children were not drowned: not that their father would have cared, so long as he could have his brandy and cigars. Peter was as near through one of the holes as——It's no such thing? It's very well for you to say so, but you know what an inquisitive boy he is, and how he likes to wander

among steam-engines. No, I won't let you sleep. What a man you are! *What?* I've said that before? That's no matter; I'll say it again. Go to sleep, indeed! as if one could never have a little rational conversation. No, I shan't be too late for the Margate boat in the morning; I can wake up at what hour I like, and you ought to know that by this time.

A miserable creature they must have thought me in the ladies' cabin, with nobody coming down to see how I was. You came there a dozen times? No, Caudle, that won't do. I know better. You never came at all. Oh, no! cigars and brandy took all your attention. And when I was so ill, that I didn't know a single thing that was going on about me, and you never came. Every other woman's husband was there—ha! twenty times. And what must have been my feelings, to hear 'em tapping at the door, and making all sorts of kind inquiries—some like husbands!—and I was left to be ill alone! Yes, and you want to get me into an argument. You want to know, if I was so ill that I knew nothing, how I could know that you didn't come to the cabin-door. That's just like your aggrava-

ting way; but I'm not to be caught in that manner. No.

"It is very possible," writes Caudle, "that she talked two hours more; but, happily, the wind got suddenly up—the waves bellowed—and, soothed by the sweet lullaby, (to say nothing of the Dolphin's brandy-and-water,) I somehow fell asleep."

NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.

Mrs. Caudle, wearied of Margate, has "a great desire to see France."

BLESS me, arn't you tired, Caudle! No? Well, was there ever such a man! But nothing ever tires you. Of course, it's all very well for you; yes, you can read your newspapers and——What? So can I? And I wonder what would become of the children if I did! No; it's enough for their father to lose his precious time, talking about politics, and bishops, and lords, and a pack of people who wouldn't care a pin if we hadn't a roof to cover us; it's well enough for——No, Caudle, no: I'm not going to worry you; I never worried you yet, and it isn't likely I should begin now. But that's always the way with you—always. I'm sure we should be the happiest couple alive, only you you do so like to have all the talk to yourself. We're out upon pleasure, and therefore, let's be comfortable. Still, I must say it: when you like, you're an aggravating man, Caudle, and you know it.

What have you done? There, now; we

won't talk of it- No; let's go to sleep; otherwise, we shall quarrel; I know we shall. What have you done, indeed? That I can't leave my home for a few days, without being insulted! Everybody upon the pier saw it. Saw what? How can you lie there in the bed and ask me? Saw what, indeed! Of course, it was a planned thing—regularly settled before you left Lonnon. Oh yes! I like your innocence, Mr. Caudle; not knowing what I'm talking about. It's a heart-breaking thing for a woman to say of her own husband; but you've been a wicked man to me. Yes; and all your tossing and tumbling about in the bed won't make it any better.

Oh, it's easy enough to call a woman 'a dear soul.' I must be very dear, indeed, to you, when you bring Miss Prettyman to——There now; you needn't shout like a wild savage! Do you know we're in lodgings? What do you suppose the people will think of us? You need n't call out in that manner, for they can hear every word that's said. What do you say? Why don't I hold my tongue, then? To be sure; anything for an excuse with you. Anything to stop my mouth. Miss Prettyman 's to follow you here, and I'm to say nothing! I

know she has followed you; and if yon were to go before a magistrate, and take a shilling oath to the contrary, I wouldn't believe you. No, Caudle, I wouldn't.

Very well, then? Ha! what a heart you must have, to say 'very well;' and after the wife I've been to you. I'm to be brought from my own home, dragged down here to the sea-side, to be laughed at before the world—don't tell me! Do you think I didn't see how she looked at you—how she puckered up her farthing mouth, and——what? Why did I kiss her, then? What's that to do with it? Appearances are one thing, Mr. Caudle; and feelings are another. As if women can't kiss one another without meaning anything by it! And you—I could see you—looked as cold and as formal at her as———well, Caudle! I wouldn't be the hypocrite you are for the world.

There, now: I've heard all that story. I dare say she did come down to join her brother. How very lucky, though, that you should be here! Ha! ha! how very lucky that—ugh! ugh! ugh! and with the cough I've got upon me—oh, you've a heart like a sea-side flint! Yes, that's right. That's just like your human-

ity. I can't catch a cold, but it must be my own fault—it must be my thin shoes. I dare say, you'd like to see me in plowman's boots: 'twould be no matter to you how I disfigured myself. Miss Prettyman's foot, now, would be another thing, no doubt.

I thought, when you would make me leave home—I thought we were coming here on pleasure; but it's always the way you embitter my life. The sooner that I'm out of the world, the better. What do you say? Nothing? But I know what you mean, better than if you had talked an hour. I only hope you'll get a better wife, that's all, Mr. Caudle. What? You'd not try? Wouldn't you? I know you. In six months you'd fill up my place; yes, and dreadfully my dear children would suffer for it.

Caudle, if you roar in that way, the people will give us warning to-morrow. Can't I be quiet, then? Yes, that's like your artfulness: anything to make me hold my tongue. But we won't quarrel. I'm sure, if it depended upon me, we might be as happy as doves. I mean it—and you needn't groan when I say it. Good night, Caudle. What do you say? Bless me! Well, you are a dear soul, Caudle; and if it

wasn't for that Miss Prettyman——No, I'm not torturing you. I know very well what I'm doing, and I wouldn't torture you for the world; but you don't know what the feelings of a wife are, Caudle; you don't.

Caudle—I say, Caudle. Just a word, dear. Well? Now, why should you snap me up in that way? You want to go to sleep? So do I; but that's no reason why you should speak to me in that manner. You know, dear, you once promised to take me to France. You don't recollect it? Yes, that's like you: you don't recollect many things you've promised me; but I do. There's a boat goes on Wednesday for Boulogne, and comes back the day afterwards. What of it? Why, for that time, we could leave the children with the girls, and go nicely. Nonsense? Of course: if I want anything, it's always nonsense. Other men can take their wives half over the world; but you think it quite enough to bring me down to this hole of a place, where I know every pebble on the beach like an old acquaintance; where there's nothing to be seen but the same machines—the same jetty, the same donkeys, the same everything. But then, I'd forgot; Margate has an attraction for——

Miss Prettyman's here. No, I'm not censorious, and I wouldn't backbite an angel; but the way in which that young woman walks the sands at all hours——There! there! I've done. I can't open my lips about that creature, but you always storm.

You know that I always wanted to go to France; and you bring me down here only that I should see the French cliffs—just to tantalise me, and nothing else. If I'd remained at home —and it was against my will I ever came here —I should never have thought of France; but to have it staring in one's face, and not to be allowed to go; it's worse than cruel, Mr. Caudle; it's brutal. Other people can take their wives to Paris; but you always keep me moped up at home. And what for? Why, that I may know nothing; yes, just on purpose to make me look little, and for nothing else.

Heaven bless the woman? Ha! you've good reason to say that, Mr. Caudle; for I'm sure she's little blessed by you. She's been kept a prisoner all her life—has never gone anywhere —oh yes! that's your old excuse; talking of the children. I want to go to France; I should like to know what the children have to do with it?

They're not babies *now*, are they? But you've always thrown the children in my face. If Miss Prettyman——There now; do you hear what you've done, shouting in that manner? The other lodgers are knocking overhead; who do you think will have the face to look at 'em to-morrow morning? I shan't—breaking people's rest in that way!

Well, Caudle! I declare it's getting daylight, and what an obstinate man you are! Tell me, shall I go to France?

"I forget," says Caudle, "my precise answer; but I think I gave her a very wide permission to go somewhere, whereupon, though not without remonstrance as to the place, she went to sleep."

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